

MITHRIDATES,

King of PONTUS.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

By NATHANAEL LEE, Gent.

*Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.*

Virg. Georg. l. 4.

L O N D O N :

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against St. Clement's Church in the Strand.

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WITH RIDDLES

King of FORTS

TRAGEDY

THEATRE ROYAL

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS



LONDON

Printed by W. L. ...

MDCCXXVI



To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,

One of the Gentlemen of their MAJESTIES
Bed-Chamber.

May it please your Lordship,



WHEN I call to mind what I have observ'd of your Wit and Judgment, the truest and most impartial I ever knew, my Thoughts of Writing, after my loose manner, to your Lordship, are a little dash'd; and the meanest of 'em has the Sense to tell me, I ought to be as curious and correct in a Dedication to one Man, as, in that of a Play, to a whole Nation. There is, no doubt, a Transport in every Poet who writes an Epistle; but for the most part they are dazzled with the Eminence of their Patrons, and at best we can but call it an awful Delight. But, I profess, what those, to whom I am disagreeable, will impute

to want of Modesty, I make this Tragedy an Offering to your Lordship, with as much Freedom, Pleasure, and perfect Satisfaction, as ever *Mithridates* receiv'd when he found himself in the Arms of his fairest Mistress. You stand equal with the Greatest; and your Quality should cause a Dread in the hardiest Writers: But on the other hand, there is such an innate Sweetness of Temper, such a most remarkable Goodness in all your Actions, a Character peculiar to You more than any Man alive, that the meanest, modestest of Poets, may approach you. Methinks, I feel a sort of cheerful springing Pride, when I see your Lordship stand forth to this last Birth; which sure, if I had ever any lovely, is much the fairest Child. Happy Fortune must attend it; and Heaven and Earth be pleas'd, where you approve. I accost you, my Lord without Formality, and wou'd appear before the severest Judge in the plainest Garb, or rather nakedness of Thought; as some, and those not of the least Courage, go to the most bloody Test of Valour, all unarm'd. An Over-care in things of this nature, does often turn to Affectation; and what was meant a Guard, proves an Incumbrance: We may stiffen our Imaginations with making of 'em too quaint; and polish, till we are nothing else but Gloss. I am infinitely pleas'd, to be as plain as I can; nor care I how it pleases others, tho' I am sure it does, that I have laid this Play at your Lordship's feet. All my Acquaintance, that wish me well, applaud my Choice; for, I may safely affirm, by the Judgement of the Town, without being censur'd for a Dawber, there's not a Man whom all Men love but You: You are beheld in all the Company you honour, as if you were the Genius of
that

The Epistle Dedicatory. 7

that Prince, who was call'd the *Delight of Mankind*; and are ador'd with all the Love and Admiration which e'er the noble *Titus* found in *Rome*. *Ziphares* is an imperfect Figure of yourself; I cast him in your Mould, and fashion'd him as well as my weak Fancy cou'd, to that Perfection the Court so universally allows you: When I design'd to draw him for the Ladies, endearing, soft, and passionately loving, I thought on You, and found the way to charm 'em. And 'tis most certain, he who obliges those fair Criticks to be of his Party, has the surest Cards that ever Poet play'd: I cannot but own the Honours they have done me; and intreat your Lordship to secure my Friends. There is yet a greater Honour I would beg of your Lordship, and so important, I cannot name it without Apprehension: *Mithridates*, being in your hands, desires to be laid at the Feet of the Queen. Her Majesty, who is the sublimest Goodness, and most merciful Virtue that ever blest a Land, has been pleas'd to grace him with her Presence, and promis'd it again with such particular Praises, the Effects of her pure Bounty, that shou'd he not express his Gratitude almost to Adoration, he wou'd deserve another Fate, when he is next represented, than what he has hitherto receiv'd.

I have endeavour'd in this Tragedy, to mix *Shakespear* with *Fletcher*: The Thought of the former, for Majesty and true *Roman* Greatness; and the Softness and passionate Expressions of the latter, which make up half the Beauties, are never to be match'd. How have I then endeavour'd to be like 'em? O faint Resemblance! as *Pizarra* says of the *Mexicans*,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

——— *And those who now remain,
Appear but as the Shadows of the Slain.*

It may be objected, I broke the *Scenes* in the Beginning of the third and fifth Acts; those, who are so nicely curious as to be offended at this over-sight, may, for their satisfaction, leave 'em out, and the Play will be entire. I apply my self to your Lordship, as *Montaigne* does to his Reader, in the Chapter of Books; *I will, says he, love the Man that shall trace me!* For I have many times found fault with an Expression, that I pretended was in a Play of my own, and had it damn'd by no indifferent Criticks; tho' immortal *Shakespear* will not blush to own it. But I am confident your Lordship will find me out, and I desire to be found a Refiner on those admirable Writers; the Ground is theirs, and all that serves to make a rich Embroidery. I hope, the World will do me the Justice to think, I have disguis'd it into another Fashion more suitable to the Age we live in; for, if I cou'd persuade myself, there were nothing of mine extraordinary in the Play, I wou'd not have dedicated it to the best of Men.

——— *Mediocribus esse Poetis;*

Non Dii, non Homines, non concessere Columnæ.

Here you must give me leave to tell the World, that Pillars and Altars too ought to be rais'd to your Lordship, if the greatest Genius of Poetry deserves 'em. Your Thoughts, in some select Poems I have seen, are rich and new as the Golden *American* World, your Expressions justly strong, your Words emphatical, as chosen Men for an Enterprize of Glory: As it was observ'd of the Army of *Alexander the Great*, every Soldier look'd like a Commander, and every Commander like an *Alexander*;

The Epistle Dedicatory.

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Alexander; so in your admirable Draughts, all things are so excellent, we know not where to fix; we stand on Hills of so vast a Breadth, that the Valleys are seen; it looks like Heaven all about us, and Fancy is lost in the infinite Beauty of the Prospect: Your Writing dazzles with Clearness and Majesty: You draw like *Holbin* without Shadows.

—*Qui Genus humanum ingenio superavit, & omnes Præstrinxit Stellas, exortus uti Ætherius Sol.*

Your Images are so great, we look like Dwarfs beneath you; and then so lively represented, tho' of dead, low Objects, animated by your Genius,

——*Crédas simulacra moveri
Ferreæ, cognatoque viros spirare metallo.*

Whate'er you stamp as Royal, other Pretenders to *Satire* but file and wash; they live by the Clippings of your Wit, and dip their Silver in your Bath, to make it pass for Gold. Self-preservation bids me say no more of your Lordship's Poetry, lest I damn my own; who aim at nothing so much, as the Honour of being thought by your Lordship,

My Lord,

Your most Humble,

and Devoted Servant,

Nat. Lee.



PROLOGUE.

NOT careful Leaders, when the Trumpets call
 Their Martial Squadrons on, to stand or fall,
 Toss'd with more Doubts, than careful Poets are,
 When vent'rous Wit for Sally does prepare;
 When humming Voices bid the Play begin,
 And the last Flourish calls the Prologue in.
 Here you, like dreadful Warriors, judging sit;
 And in full Council, try all Writers Wit.
 To some, for Sense renown'd, our Authors bow;
 And what you doom, for a just Fate allow:
 But sure far less such Judges Poets dread,
 Than those raw Blades who will not let 'em plead,
 But, e'er they can be heard, cry, shoot 'em dead.
 These Pyrates, that both Arms and Wit debase;
 Who Fields, and Poems with their Spleen disgrace,
 Poets and Warriors both shou'd have in chase:
 These Libellers, who noblest Flights despise,
 Yet when a Pen but flashes, shut their Eyes;
 Who write Lampoons, and vilely get a Name
 By others Infamy, and live on Shame;
 Fises, Whistlers, of the justest Sense, not fit
 To be the Powder-Monkeys of true Wit:
 Mimicks, like Apes, what's ill from Heads they drain,
 And live upon the Vermin of a Brain.
 Neglected these, and trusting to your Aid,
 To Beauty our last Vows, like yours, are made:
 Beauty, which still adorns the opening List,
 Which Caesar's Heart vouchsafes not to resist:
 To that alone devoted is this Day;
 For, by the Poet, I was bid to say,
 In the first Draught, 'twas meant the Lady's Play.

EPI.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mithridates, King of *Pontus*.

Ziphares, } His Sons.

Pharnaces, }

Archilaus, General under *Ziphares*.

Pelepidas, } Two Courtiers.

Andræwar, }

Aquilius, a Roman Captive,

Another Roman Officer.

Ismenes, Page to *Ziphares*.

Mr. *Mohun*.

{ Mr. *Hart*.

{ Mr. *Goodman*.

Mr. *Griffin*.

{ Mr. *Wintershal*.

{ Mr. *Powell*.

Mr. *Clark*.

Mr. *Wiltshire*.

Monima, contracted to *Mithridates*.

Semandra, Daughter to *Archilaus*.

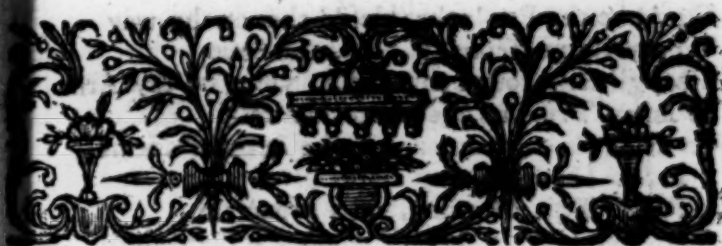
Priests, and Attendants.

Mutes.

Mrs. *Corbet*.

Mrs. *Boutel*.

SCENE, STNOPE.



MITHRIDATES,

King of PONTUS.



ACT I. SCENE I.

The Outer Part of the Temple of the Sun.

A Noise of Musick, and Tuning Voices, is heard.

Enter Pharnaces, Pelopidas.

Phar. **T**O-night, to-night, this fatal moment,
Our dreadful Father's Nuptials are
preparing,
And I must lose bright *Monima* for
ever.

Ambition too is barr'd, Scepters and Crowns,
And all the Golden Quarries now are lost.

Ziphares, O *Ziphares*! happy Brother,
Thou hast dislodg'd me by thy late Exploits,
And now usurp'd my Father's Breast alone.

Curs'd

14 MITHRIDATES,

Curs'd be the Pow'r that blest'd thee on thy way
To overthrow *Triarius*, curs'd the Stars
That glitter'd round thy Head; when by thy Arm
So many Tribunes and Centurions fell,
As made *Rome* groan, and broke *Lucullus'* Heart.

Pelop. Hear me, my Lord.

Phar. This Morning, on a Mountain
Above the Clouds, his Triumph was perform'd,
And I assisted at the Sacrifice;
Why gave I not this Body to the Flames,
To be devour'd among the tortur'd Slaves,
Rather than liv'd to see his Conquest crown'd?
I saw it; O *Pelopidas*, these Eyes
Saw *Mithridates*, with a Torch, give fire
To the vast Pile, which like a Pyramid
Stood high upon the Hill, as that on Earth.

Pelop. Will you but give me leave?

Phar. I saw the Blaze

Of his immortal Honour, heard the shout
Of all the Court, which did torment the Air
To that degree, that Birds fell round us dead;
And that thin Region, where we scarce could live,
When first we did ascend, became so fat
With the rich stream of Blood, and boiling Gold,
And flowing Gums, that we were forc'd to remove:
Nay, I believe, the glutt'd Gods themselves
Were almost choak'd with the prodigious Odours.

Pelop. Yet have you done?

Phar. To the green *Neptune* then,
Because at Sea old *Archilaus* had
Been Conqueror with my Brother, in their Names
An Off'ring was decreed; a Chariot all
With Em'rals set, and fill'd with Coral Tridents,
Was with an hundred Horses, wild as Wind,
From off the top of that most dismal Place
Plung'd to the bottom of the slimy Deep.

Pelop. Let me entreat you call your Reason home,
And listen to your faithful Servant's Counsel:
You cannot hate your Brother more to Death,
Than I; his Friend, the General *Archilaus*,

Has

Has got the start of me in the King's Favour;
And tho' without being vain, I think my self
The better Soldier, he by Policies
Has push'd me from the Dignities I bore;
The Lion's outed by the Fox——

Phar. But with full cry
Let us unkennel him; rather rebel,
Than bear it thus: 'Tis mine, 'tis thy Concern,
Nor let the Name of King, or Fatherawe us.
A Mistress, and a Throne! most specious Titles.
The God of Battel rages in my Breast;
And as at *Delphos*, when the glorious Fury
Kindles the Blood of the Prophetick Maid,
The bounded Deity does shoot her out,
Draws every Nerve thin as the Spider's Thread,
And beats the Skin out like expanded Gold:
So with the Meditation of the Work
Which my Soul bears, I swell almost to bursting.

Pelop. In all the many Changes of my Life
I have not known one equal yet to your's;
At other times so moderate, so true
A Sovereign o'er your self, you seem'd to want
Those Passions for your Slaves, who lord it now.

Phar. I am hush'd, if thou hast aught of Comfort, speak.

Pelop. This Night your Father has decreed to marry
The Daughter of *Palemon*.

Phar. What can hinder?

Pelop. Nothing; yet mark: My Brother *Triphon* is
High-Priest o'th' Sun, whom all the rest obey:
Him have I wrought, that when the Nuptial Rites
Begin, some strange Presages shall fall out,
Disorders unexpected, to forebode
The Gods are much offended at the Marriage.
How this may work with one of mighty Faith
In holy Fables, one of various Humour,
Whom every Day new Beauties set on fire,
Be you the Judge.

Phar. Methinks it has a Face;
But yet there's wanting what I cou'd have wish'd:
Had it been *Janus*-like back'd with another,

When

When *Mithridates*, frighted from his Queen,
Warn'd by false Oracles, shou'd have retir'd
Perplex'd, yet struggling with the Pangs of Love;
Then to have laid a Beauty to his longing,
Some Fair unknown, proud of her gaudy Bloom,
T'have quench'd his thirsty Wishes; that had been
A Master-piece! but let him marry her,
Sure Death shall wait upon his laughing *Hymen*;
And when the God has given her to his Arms,
Fate with unerring Force shall part 'em ever.

Pelop. Yet raging? 'Tis as you have said, and more!
More than excelling Mischief cou'd invent,
That is not best. We have already rais'd him;
Andravar my Lieutenant-General,
Scorn'd by your Brother, whom he therefore hates,
First form'd the Plot. Old *Archilaus'* Daughter,
The fair *Semandra*, Mistress to *Ziphares*,
Is destin'd to be made your Father's Prey.

Phar. Excellent Engine! now thou work'st indeed;
Thou hast hit the Vein, the Life-blood of his Heart.
I can't see ought in the extent of Art,
Or Nature, that can mend it. O *Ziphares*,
Still conquer, rise with Triumphs high as Heav'n,
So such a Bolt as this be sure to wait thee.

Enter Andravar.

But see the brave Lieutenant! come to my Arms,
And tell me, shall *Semandra* be the King's?

Andr. I think, my Lord, that I may safely swear it.

Phar. Thy Bluntness merits Praise, and says, thou'rt
To serve my best Revenge, Love or Ambition. (sit

Andr. Great *Mithridates*, whom I well have study'd,
Tho' he has weather'd forty Winters Fields,
Yet rises in his Vigor, ventures more,
Nor feels Decay of Strength; none learn'd as he
In Nature's Garden: whence to his Constitution
Most excellent, he adds such Helps by Art,
That by his Locks he might be thought Immortal.
The World too knows he is as amorous now

As

As when the first Sighs heav'd his youthful Breast,
And his first Tears bedew'd the Shrines of Love.

Phar. The Consequence?

Andr. He often has been pleas'd
To make me honour'd with his private Thoughts.
Whereon my General and I agreed,
Knowing your Love to *Monima*,
And Hatred to your Brother, with one Blow
To drive the Business that shou'd crown your Wishes.
Therefore I daily fill'd your Father's Ears
With Praises of *Semandra*, rais'd his Wonder,
Describ'd her Dress, and each particular Grace;
Her Eyes, her Hands, her Lips, with all their Beauties;
And have so fir'd him, that there only wants
A View to perfect all, and that will be
To-night.

Phar. How know'st thou that?

Andr. I learn'd it all
From a She-Slave that waits upon *Semandra*,
Who told me, that *Ziphares*, with Consent
Of *Archilaus*, wou'd beg her of the King,
When he this Night shou'd *Monima* espouse. [*Soft Musick.*
Nor doubt, but when he once has seen *Semandra*,
The Charms of his new Queen will vanish. Hark,
The sacred Musick sounds!—The King and Queen are
(coming.

Enter Archilaus, Ziphares, Semandra.

See, your Brother, *Semandra*, and her Father.

Phar. Oh, my lab'ring Breast! how Hopes and Fears
Toss my rack'd Heart, like a poor Bark about! (pest.
But soon the Calm will come, or I must perish in the Tem-

[*Exeunt Phar. Felop. and Andr.*

Ziph. By Heav'n, my Love, thou dost distract my Soul;
There's not a Tear that falls from those dear Eyes,
But makes my Heart weep Blood—Oh, my Father!
All is not well: I found her in the Morning,
Not like a Bride, with all her Maids about her,
Half-smiling, now half-serious with her Thoughts
Of what must come; nor warm, nor bright, nor blushing:
But

But, Oh, the Gods! I found her on the Floor,
In all the Storm of Grief, yet beautiful,
Sighing such Breath of Sorrow, that her Lips,
Which late appear'd like Buds, were now o'er-blown,
Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the World on fire, they might have drown'd
The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin.

Arch. Nothing, my Lord—'Tis all but Virgin's Fear:
Marriage to Maids is like a War to Men,
The Battel causes Fear; but the sweet Hopes
Of winning at the last still draws 'em on.

Sem. Alas, my Lord!

[Weeping.]

Ziph. What, but alas? no more? When by the Hand
I led her to the Temple, thus she sigh'd,
And hung upon me: If thou truly lov'st me,
If I may credit my *Semandra's* Tears,
Think 'em not Drops of Chance, like other Womens,
The Weather of their Souls, the Crystal Bubbles
Which they can make at will; Oh, satisfy
The longing of my Breast, and tell thy Sorrows.

Sem. That I do love you, Oh, all you Host of Heav'n
Be witness; that you are dear to me,
Dearer than Day to one whom Sight must leave,
Dearer than Life to one who fears to die:
O thou bright Pow'r be Judge, whom we adore,
Be witness of my Truth, be witness of my Love!
But yet I fear——

Ziph. That Fear, give me that Fear, *Semandra*,
Produce it in the ugliest Form it has,
If aught that is deform'd can come from thee.

Sem. I shall, my Lord, since you are pleas'd to hear
Unfold my Doubts, the Cause of all my Tears: (me,
First then, I must complain of my hard Stars,
'That did not dart kind Lustre on my Birth;
For tho' at present, while your young Blood boils,
Your Reason cannot get the Rein of Passion,
Yet it will come, when long Possession cloy you;
Then you will think, what Queens you might have had,
With Kingdoms for their Dower; perhaps you may
Prove so unkind, to tell me of it too:

Or,

Or, if you shou'd not, your Eyes wou'd speak—[Weeping.
Enough to break the Heart of poor *Semandra*.

Ziph. Why dost thou stab me with the Tenderness
Of thy fallse Fears, and melt me into mourning?
'Tis most unseasonable on our Wedding-Day
To be seen thus: I know thou canst not doubt me:
No, thou most lovely of the Fairer Kind,
Think not a Crown can ever change my Virtue.
Ah, who wou'd leave the Warmth of this lov'd Bosom
For the cold Cares which black Ambition brings?

Sem. Spite of ill-boding Dreams, unlucky Omens,
You must, you shall, you ought to be believ'd.
And, if I weep again, it is for joy
That I this Night shall be your happy Bride.

Ziph. Oh, *Mithridates*, mighty as thou art,
Before whose Throne Princes stand dumb as Death,
With folded Arms, and their Eyes fix'd to Earth;
Dishonour brand me, if I wou'd not chuse
A private Life with her whom my Soul loves,
Rather than live like thee, with all thy Titles,
The King of Kings, without her.

Arch. Pray, my Lord,
Defer till Mid-night these strong Ecstasies:
Fate yet may put a Bar betwixt our Hopes,
And then the Loss will be more hardly borne.

*The Scene draws, discovering the Inner Part of the
Temple. Mithridates, holding Monima by the
Hand; his Queens, Concubines, Sons and Daugh-
ters attending. Three Roman Captains, L. Cassius,
Q. Oppius, and M. Aquilius, bound in Gold
Chains, with many other Slaves standing at
distance.*

Mith. Not yet, O Rome, great Tyrant of the World,
Hast thou subdu'd the *Asian* Emperor.
In thy despite I hold my Glory still,
Still tread upon the Necks of conquer'd Kings,
Still make thy Consuls tremble at my Name;
And in one mightiest Word, to sum up all,

A Word, which like a Charm, might raise the Ghosts
Of *Pyrrhus*, and the experienc'd *Hannibal*
To envy, and be dazzled at my Deeds;
A Word, a Name, that comprehends all Honours,
All Titles, Riches, Power, all Majesty,
In spite of *Rome*, I'm *Mithridates* still.

Aquil. The Nations must confess, that *Alexander*
Cou'd not more dreadful to the *East* appear,
Than you: ev'n *Rome* wou'd buy her Peace with *Joy*.
Cou'd you at reasonable Rates afford
Your Royal Friendship; tho' by your Command,
Most dreadful to *Italian* Memory,
In one dark Day, damn'd in the Book of Fate,
A hundred thousand murder'd *Romans* fell.

Mith. Darest thou, Fomenters of these Wars, to talk?
Thou purple Source of all those bloody Streams,
Which have for more than thirty Years o'erflow'd.
The *Asian* Banks, and dy'd *Euphrates* red?
Dar'st thou, Commissioner in chief to put
The Earth in Arms, and set the World on Flame,
Once think of Peace? Now, by the fire-rob'd God,
Thou shalt have Punishment that fits thy Crimes.

Aquil. The bravest must submit, when Fortune frowns.

Mith. Desire of Wealth, the Lust of shining Dirt,
And Palace-Plunder, caus'd thee with arm'd Legions
T'invade a King, whose Father was *Rome's* Friend!
But, by the asserted Justice of my Cause,
The Help of Heav'n, and of my own Right Hand,
I conquer'd thee, and thou art now my Slave.
Guards, strait convey him to the Market-Place,
Take off his wealthy Chains, and melt 'em down;
Then, for a terrible Example to
All fordid Wretches, Souls made up of Avarice,
Pour down his Throat the rich dissolved Mass,
And gorge his Entrails with the burning Gold.

Mon. Not, my dear Lord, upon your Nuptial Day.

Mith. On any Day, my Queen, to do a Justice
Which all the Gods, and all good Men must like.
For *Lucius Cassius*, and for *Quintus Oppius*,
A milder Destiny's in store. Away with him.

And

King of Pontus.

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And now proceed we to the sacred Rites.

Aquil. Yet, e'er you join, hear me, proud Emperor,
Hear what the Fates have put into my Breast:

I see my Death, by *Roman* Arms reveng'd;

And what *Lucullus* had so well begun,

Pompey shall end; *Pompey*, thy Glory's Ruin.

This Hour that gives me Death, shall be the last

Of all thy Quiet: swift Domestic Jars

Shall overtake thee; thou shalt add more Blood

To that already shed from thy own Bowels:

And when at last subdu'd in all thy Wars,

Spoil'd of thy Queens, thy Sons, and Daughters slain,

Thou seek'st some Corner of thy conquer'd Empire

To hide thy abandon'd Head in; then the Load

Of all thy Woes shall come, one whom thou least

Shalt fear, long nourish'd in thy impious Breast,

Shall stab thee to the Heart, and end thy Days.

That this, all this, and more may light upon thee,

I pray the Gods; and so the Furies seize thee.

Mith. Away, to Death with the Prophetick Fool.

[*Ex. Guards with Aquilius.*

Tryphon, begin and let the Altar smoke

With such rich Victims, to the well-pleas'd Gods,

That they may smile from Heav'n, and give us Joy.

*Here follows the Entertainment: After which,
the King and Queen return from the Altar to sit in
State. An Image of Victory descends with two
Crowns in her Hands; but on a sudden the En-
gines break, and cast the Image forward on the
Stage with such violence, that they dash it in
pieces. Mithridates starting up,*

Mith. Ha! whence? how fell this out? now by my
Our Nuptials are not pleasing to the Gods; {Arms,

'Tis for some Fault of mine, O *Manima*,

That Heav'n denies thy Beauties to my Bosom:

Thus, when we did approach the hallow'd Vault,

A prophesying Priest, with start-up Hair,

With rolling Eyes, and Nostrils wide as Mouths,

Stopt

Stopt us i'th' way, and said, we were no Match.
 As well the noblest Salvage of the Field
 Might tamely couple with a fearful Ewe,
 Tygers engender with the timorous Deer,
 Wild muddy Boars defile the cleanly Ermin,
 Or Vultures sort with Doves, as I with thee:
 'Tis a cross Thought, and much disturbs me here.

Mon. Command me die, e'er give your Majesty
 Cause of the least Disturbance. O my Lord!
 Think you, that I wou'd lie within your Arms
 To hear you sigh, and give me Tears for Love?
 Or think you, 'tis to Empire I aspire?
 Rather dismiss me from your Breast, the Haven,
 Where I had hoarded all my Happiness,
 And cast me out to a wide Sea of weeping.

Mith. Howe'er the Pow'rs above shall deal with me,
 Racking my Heart with what they have set down,
 Thou art our Queen.

Mon. O, 'tis an empty Name,
 A senseless Sound, except I am your Love:
 I find, I find, that I am lost for ever.
 I have but slept, charm'd with a golden Dream,
 And now am wak'd to Beggary again.
 Why did you take me from my Father's Wing?
 Who, tho' a petty Prince, was yet a World
 Of Warmth to me; Why did you tempt me forth
 With burning Love, and the bright Comet, Power?

Mith. Fright not thy tender Heart with false Suspensions;
 I will be ever thine: but give me leave
 A little to digest with serious Thoughts,
 The Anger of the Heav'ns———*Andravar!*

Andr. My Lord?

Phar. They whisper, General. [TPelop.

Ziph. Coming forward, Stars, by your leave;
 Ill Omens may the Guilty tremble at,
 Make every Accident a Prodigy,
 And Monsters frame, where Nature never err'd:
 May the fear'd Conscience start at falling Meteors,
 And call the Scream of every hooting Owl,
 Or croaking Raven, Fate's most dreadful Voice:

For

For me, I laugh at 'em; shou'd now the Heav'n
Flame with a thousand Fires, ne'er seen before,
And Thunder beat the Winds from every Corner,
Nor for the Calm of all the Universe
Wou'd I put off my Joys a Moment longer.
Stand back, my Love; and, when I call, come forth:
A Minute makes us blest, or wretched ever.

[Comes to the middle of the Stage, and kneels.

Mith. Is there in all the Space of our wide Empire
Aught of that most inestimable Value,
To make *Ziphares* kneel?

Ziph. There is, my Lord,
Thus to adore you.

Mith. O celestial Powers!
Mark me your Subject out for all Misfortunes,
The Curses of the *Roman Mannius* fall
Heavy upon me; Fortune's giddy Wheel,
Which we have fix'd with our majestick Weight,
Turn round with me; when I deny him aught
That he can ask with Honour. Rise, my Son.

Ziph. rising. Since on the great Request which I shall
The Peace or Trouble of my Life depends, (make,
The Torment or the Pleasure of my Soul,
Eternal Grievs, or everlasting Joys,
I wou'd recall to your Remembrance, Sir,
The Toils and Hardships which my early Valour
Has undergone; the many Fields I have fought
And conquer'd too: and, as of old the *Romans*,
Who fought the Consulship, made bare their Breasts,
Lac'd with long Scars, and studded o'er with Thrusts,
The noble Wardrobe of the scarlet War;
I wou'd, with bolder mention of my Deeds,
Display my Wounds to move your Royal Favour,
And offer, to the Blood which I have shed,
All my Heart holds for sealing of your Promise.

Mith. O, hadst thou fought so poorly as thou speak'st,
Thy Actions, all the Laurels that lie green
Upon thee, strait wou'd wither, and be Dust.
To mention but thy last, thy last of Wars,
Which ev'n the Breath of Majesty makes vile;

So

So much below thy Valour is all Language——

Ziph. The Glory of that Battel is your own.

Mith. To thee we owe the Day, our Life and Empire!
When six Centurions bore me from my Saddle,
And laid me groveling, for the violent Horse
To tread my Soul out; how did my brave *Ziphars*
Break thro their Walls of Steel, leap o'er the Ramparts
Of the dead Bodies that fenc'd me in,
On his own Courser mounting me to Life!
Pious even in the Mouth of Slaughter; while
On foot himself, he with his Battel-Ax
Bore down the Legions, drove whole Troops before him,
And brought their Eagles drooping from the Field!
Demand, I say; ask me most royally,
I will be lavish to thy vast Ambition,
And crown thy Wishes like a giving God.

Ziph. In Thankfulness I bend me to the Earth;
Once more fall prostrate to your Majesty,
And pray the Gods to give you length of Days.
Come forth, come forth, my Fairest; break, my Day
Appear, and charm, dazzle the whole Assembly.

[*Semandra comes forward*]

Mith. A Wonder! ha!

Ziph. She is, my Lord, the Boast,
The lovely Chance-word, Master-piece of Nature,
Who blush'd to see what her own Hands had made;
As if mistaking Moulds, she unawares
Had cast *Semandra* in a Form Divine.

Sem. These Praises, breath'd from any Lips but yours,
Lord of my Life, and Idol of my Love,
Wou'd make me sink with shame, or scorn the Flatterer
But as they come from you, from that lov'd Mouth,
The tender Offrings of your fond Desires,
I take 'em all, and die upon the Sound:
To the driven Air my flying Soul is fasten'd;
Each Word, each Syllable you speak is mine;
Yes, I am Fair, a Queen, a Goddess, any thing
That my dear Lord is pleas'd to have me be.

Mith. She talks——

Ziph.

Ziph. And with so good a Grace,
That nothing but her Wit can charm beyond it.
Late in the Camp I languish'd with a Fever,
And sure had dy'd, but for this Physician;
Who, in the midst of all my fiery Pains,
When Art was at a loss, and I lay gasping,
Wou'd quite beguile my Sufferings with her Song,
Her welcome Pity, and her soft Endearments:
Now, laying her chaste Cheek, cold with her Tears,
To mine, she wou'd abate the raging Fire;
Now, with warm Sighs, kindle my fading Spirits;
And when I fainted, with a Kiss recall me.

Mith. By Heav'n she weeps, and I cou'd drink the Dew.

Phar. He takes the Poison, fast as I cou'd wish.

Pelop. And Prince *Ziphares* forces her upon him.

Arch. Hold, you are gone too far; speak to the purpose.

Ziph. Ambition therefore was not my Request,
In *Colchis* or in *Bosphorus* to reign:
Leave to my Brothers all your Empire; and
To me, this only Beauty for Reward.

Mith. Reward! Wert thou on *Mithridates'* Throne,
Possess'd of all his Kingdoms, were thine Eye
Like his who guides the Day, as thou cou'dst call
In all thy Journeys, what thou saw'st thy own;
Her Eyes would match thy Lustre: All thy Glories
Wou'd be but Shadows, when this Face appear'd.

Ziph. They wou'd, my Lord.

Mith. They wou'd, my Lord! Yet more;
By all my Royalties, a God might wed her,
And be a gainer by the beauteous Bride.

Ziph. Such as she——

Mith. Not Heav'n it self can mend her.
Had I as many Tongues as I have Languages,
Skill'd in all Speeches of the babbling World,
And cou'd at once speak to as many Nations,
With such a Grace as might make *Athens* blush;
By *Mercury*, and by the Father of
The *Muses*, I shou'd never speak *Semandra*.

Mon. Oh, he is gone! his vow'd Fidelity
Is gaz'd away!

VOL. II.

B

Mith.

Mith. Tell me her Birth, *Ziphares*:
She must be more than Royal.

Ziph. Fate, thy worst:
Let me be dumb for ever from this Moment.

Arch. In me your Majesty may please to read
Her Father: What I want in Dignity,
Be pleas'd to fill up with my Services.

Mith. Thy Daughter!

Arch. Yes, my gracious Lord, my Daughter.

Mith. O pity, that so fair a Star shou'd be
The Child of Night; that such a Stream of Crystal
Shou'd have her Spring so muddy!

Thou dy'st, thou saucy, old, ambitious Dotard,
Who dar'st to match thy Lees of Blood with ours,
And daub the Throne of the immortal *Cyrus*.

Ziph. Hold, hold, most awful, give *Ziphares* Death,
Impale me, burn me, bury me alive;
But do not wrong this innocent old Man,
These Hairs, which were made Silver in your Service:
O the good Gods! whom Fear cou'd never shake,
Your bitter Words have caus'd to tremble: See!
With the Disgrace, he weeps; his Springs of Life,
Which had been dry for fifty Years, this last
Affront has water'd:

Oh my poor Father!

Mith. Ha! that Name again,
Thou art no more my Son. For thee, *Semandra*,
Thou shalt attend our Queen; to Court, my Fair,
Where I must learn you to forget *Ziphares*,
And match you equal to your Birth.

Scm. My Lord——*Ziphares*——Father.

Mith. Look not back.
Conduct the Queen, *Pharnaces*. Oh, *Semandra*!
'Tis to your Tears I sacrifice my Justice;
To them, your Father's Life I'll not deny,
Who for Ambition did deserve to die.

[*Exeunt all but Ziphares and Archilaus.*]

Arch. Dotard! and saucy! nay, the Lees of Blood!
Now, by the Gods, 'tis sprightly as his own:
Oh, 'tis too much to bear. For give me, Prince;

It breaks the very Neck of Loyalty :
Perhaps, he whores my Daughter too. But first,
Rather than see him wear my Glory's Spoils,
Thou, my good Sword, that hast so oft been drawn,
And dy'd thy self in *Roman* Bowels, to
The very Guard, for this ungrateful King,
Be faithful to me as thou still hast been,
And pierce the Heart of thy dishonour'd Master.

Ziph. Oh, *Archilaus*! Oh, my kinder Father!
If you are stirr'd thus at an angry Word,
What should I be; I, who am lost indeed,
I who am stunn'd, I who sustain'd the Stroke
Of all the Anger of the Fates at once?

Semandra, O my Love!

Arch. Refrain your Grief,
As I my Rage; and let us think apace,
Tho' for my Daughter's Virtue I wou'd stake
My immortal Part, my Fame so dearly bought,
Yet Force, which he may use, will have its way:
Consider that.

Ziph. Consider! how shou'd I
Consider, who grow mad with crouding Thoughts;
Where every one endeav'ring to be foremost,
Stops up the Passage, and will choak my Reason?

Arch. Once more speak humbly to him,
Perhaps 'tis but a sudden short-liv'd Fit,
A gust of Passion that may soon blow over.
But if you find it rooted in his Heart,
Eat your way thro' him to your Happiness,
Or perish, like your Brother *Mithridates*.

Ziph. By Heav'n, I think it greatest Happiness,
Never to have been born; and next to that,
To die: For who that wears his Flesh can bear
The Curse of Accidents, a Change like mine?
I who, some Moments past, wou'd not have chang'd
Condition with the Blessed Gods themselves;
Now in all probability am lost,
And stand upon the very Brink of Ruin.

Arch. Your Destiny's uncertain; Fate, as yet,
Holds the Scale doubtful: Let us haste to Court,

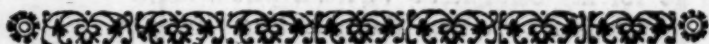
Where we shall learn which way the Balance falls.

Ziph. Not half an Hour ago, methought secure
I hugg'd my self, and almost cou'd have wept,
In mere Compassion to th' hard-fated World,
Thinking how much my State was happier.

Arch. Yet all the while you did not spy the Danger,
Which crept invisible, and undermin'd you.

Ziph. Alas, I did not; without fear I stood:
Like one, who on the Beach describes from far
A labouring Bark, with which the Billows war,
Pities its State, wishing the Tempest gone,
But views not the near Sea come rolling on:
So did with me my unseen Fortune play,
Till the Waves came, and wash'd me quite away.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pharnaces and Pelopidas.

Phar.  'LL hear no more; get me a hundred
Horse
To be our Guard, I'll bear her hence
to-night,
And ravish her, by all the Fire that acts
This fearless Frame: I will. Declare the diff'rence?
Is not the Blood of Queens and Princesses
Like other Womens? Souls alike infus'd?
Their Banquets richer, and the Drinks they taste
The very Spirits of the purple Vine?
Yet we must think 'em cold as candy'd Ice,
Not a Thought starting free from warm Desires;
As the bleak Girl upon the Mountain's Top,
Cover'd with Snow, beaten with constant Winds,
That feeds on Herbs and Roots, and drinks the Dew.
Pelop. What, wou'd you have her fall like mellow Fruit,
Whom

Whom yet no Sun has shone upon, no Warmth
To ripen? 'bate a little of this Fire.

Phar. Pelopidas, I oft have told you, that
She knew my Love, before she saw my Father;
For in the Plunder I first lighted on her:
'Tho' afterwards he took my beauteous Spoil,
As now he does my Brother's. I alledg'd,
As late I led her weeping to her Chamber,
My constant Passion, and his Breach of Faith,
All that a Love most violent cou'd put
Into a Lover's mouth, like mine; but she unmov'd,
Insensible reply'd; The King, 'twas possible,
At last might kill her with his Cruelty;
Yet to the utmost Moment of her Life
She wou'd adore him with such spotless Love,
Such most romantick Faith, and such a deal
Of whining Grief, that in a Rage I flung
Away, and left her talking to her self.

Pelop. And do you think this Haughtiness will carry't?
He that will win a most exalted Beauty,
Must bend his Soul low, as he bows his Body,
Watch every Glance, obey her e'er she speaks,
Cast up his Eyes at each affected Word,
And swear——Besides her Honour, Sir, her Honour,
Obliges her to stand a while at distance.

Phar. 'Tis almost empty; Honour, Courtship, all
But gaudy Nonsense. O *Pelopidas*,
Rather than buy my Pleasure with such Baseness,
I'd be a Brute: Now, by my Life, methinks,
The happier Creature cast before my Eyes;
The generous Horse, loose in a flow'ry Lawn,
With choice of Pasture, and of Crystal Brooks,
And all his chearful Mistresses about him,
The White, the Brown, the Black, the Shining-Bay;
And every dappled Female of the Field;
Now by the Gods for aught we know, as Man
Thinks him a Beast, Man seems a Beast to him.

Pelop. Be more considerate, less rash and hot;
I have thought of an Expedient to gain her.

Phar. Thou art my better Genius, and shalt flourish;
When

When *Archilaus*, like a blasted Tree,
Lies rotting to the Ground.

Pelop. Did *Mitbridates*
Know of your Love to *Monima*?

Phar. He did:

As publickly I shew'd it as *Ziphares*:
Yet he, who like the *Hesperian* Dragon, thinks
The Golden Fruit of Beauty all his own,
Flew at me as a Thief, who, while he slept,
Had stoln his Prize, and made me pay it back;
Or swore, my Life shou'd be the fatal Forfeit.

Pelop. 'Tis as I cou'd have wish'd : Thus then, the King
Whose Heart *Semandra* kindles into Flame,
Cools every Hour to his new-marry'd Bride,
And will not bed yet till the Coronation.
A mere put-off, wading in deep Disgust,
And wishing for pretence to part for ever.

Phar. Which he shall have ; this Head of thine has

Pelop. I, and the needful *Andravar*, (thought it,
Who feels the Pulse of his Affection,
Will swear boldly,

As Witnesses, who had both seen and heard
The jealous *Monima*, inrag'd with Love,
But more for what her vast Ambition lost,
Strove to revive the Passion that you bore her:
But you most generously oppos'd her Charms,
Which with unwillingness you shall confess,
And beg your fiery Father to forgive her.

Phar. Pithy, and short ; thou art the Soul of Counsel.

Pelop. The very breaking of the Business throws
Her into Prison ; where, while I guard the Door,
Your Highness may, with as much ease, perform
Your pleasure, as your faithful Servant thought it.

Phar. In Thanks the vilest, fawning, lying Slave
Wou'd speak thee fairer than *Pharnaces* shall ;
But let my Deeds be grateful to my Soldier.

Enter

Enter Andravar.

What News, my *Andravar*?

Andr. Your Guardian-Spirit

Now lays about him, and invisibly
Acts wonders for you, madding all the Court;
Semandra weeping, and your Father burning;
Monima, like a Widow'd-Turtle, mourning:
Old *Archilaus* pushing on his Fate;
And amorous *Ziphares*, led by Love,
To tumble from the Top of all his Hopes.
Defiance from the Roman Consul *Glabrio*,
I sent, and the third *Pontick* War renew'd.
But Love so rocks your Father's drousy Brain,
That all the Trumpets of the thundring Legions
Can scarce awake him. See where he comes!

Enter Mithridates attended.

His haughty Courage scarce submitting to
The Weight which presses him; but striking out.
Mith. She must be mine, this admirable Creature,
Her Charms are now inevitable grown;
And, while I seem to fright her from my Son,
I talk and gaze, and dote to my undoing.
See her no more; lose her with weighty Thoughts,
And drown her in the Ocean of thy Power:
In vain I strive with Cares to keep her down,
In vain does Business sink her to the bottom:
This Bladder, Love, still bears her up again.

Phar. Like a caught Lion, raging in the Snare,
He plunges in his Passion, spends his force,
And struggles with the Toil that holds him faster.

Mith. See her no more—and live! impossible!
As well I might bid Meteors keep their Lustre,
When all the shining Exhalation's spent
That fed their short-liv'd Glory.

Enter Monima.

Mon. O *Mithridates* ! O my cruel Lord !
I come with all the violence of Grief,
To take my last Farewell.

Mith. What means the Queen ?

Mon. The Queen ! O Mockery of State !
Pageant of Greatness ! wonder'd at a while,
But streight neglected like a common thing.
I come, my Lord, to beg (O Heav'n's !) your Leave,
Your Royal Licence, to retire from Court ;
And since my Father by your Bounty reigns
At *Ephesus*, I there wou'd go to mourn,
And languish out my wretched Life's remain.

Mith. Why will you add new Troubles to my Bosom,
Already burden'd with the Wrath of Heav'n,
By your unnecessary Grief ?

Mon. From Earth, I fear,
And not from Heav'n, those cloudy Cares are drawn.

Mith. No matter whence, they're dangerous to partake :
The tender Face of Beauty cannot bear 'em ;
For, if from Earth they come, their Damp will stifle ;
And, if from Heav'n, their Influence is blasting.

Mon. Were you but kind, my Lord, as once you were,
What blasting cou'd I fear ? what Dangers, drest
In all the Horrors of most dreadful Death ?
But you are pleas'd that I should not complain.

Andr. Semandra, by your Majesty's Appointment,
Attends without.

Mith. Fair *Monima*, retire :
You will oblige me by a Confidence ;
I cannot be but yours ; Affairs of State
Now take me from you.

Mon. Say the Affairs of Love.
I wou'd, my Royal Lord, but cannot blame you :
I feel a Spirit within me, which calls up
All that is Woman wrong'd, and bids me chide ?
But you are *Mithridates*, that dear Man
Whom my Squal loves ; else, were you all the Kings,

All

King of Pontus.

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All Worlds, all Gods, I cou'd let loose upon you,
For those deep Injuries which I must suffer;
Cou'd, like the fighting Winds, disturb all Nature
With venting of my Wrongs; but I am hush'd
As a spent Wave, and all my fiery Powers
Are quench'd, when I but look upon your Eyes,
Where, like a Star in Water, I appear
A pretty Sight, but of no influence,
And am at best but now a shining Sorrow.

[*Ex. led by Pharnaces.*]

Mith. O Love! if that the Face of such Affection,
Such modest Sweetness, and such humble Virtue,
As my Queen bears, fix not my wandering Heart,
Break, break thy Bow, and burn thy useless Arrows:
By Heav'n, her Kindness strikes my troubled Soul.

Enter Semandra with Andravar attending.

But see, she's lost again, *Semandra* comes,
Who dawns like blushing Noon her paler Dawn,
And shews like Summer to the infant Spring.
Semandra, what, still weeping? will not all
The Wealth which the Sun sees throughout the East
Dry up your Tears? methinks, an Empire might
Suffice for any Loss. I give you all my Power;
And, with it, such a Heart, as nought but Love
Cou'd bow: I throw it bleeding at your Feet.
Behold, behold, *Semandra*, while I blush,
The great Effects of your commanding Beauty.

Sem. Were you yet greater than you are, which scarce
The Gods can make you; tho' no bounds but Heav'n
Did limit your large Sway; tho' in your Person all
The Graces met that every Manador'd,
The Blush of rising Youth, the conquering Eyes,
The noble Smiles, and those most passionate Beauties,
Which drew my Heart to idolize your Son;
I cou'd not love you.

Mith. Oh, unmerciful!

Sem. You said, my Lord, but now,
You blush'd to think of your degraded Power;

B 5

How

How then ought I to blush? I, who shou'd be
 The daily Curse of your repining Subjects?
 I, who am bound by Oaths and solemn Vows,
 To Love *Ziphares*, by my Father's Order,
 And by the tenderest Inclination too?

Mith. You strike me dead.

Sem. Oh, do but think, my Lord,
 How wou'd Mankind, when they shall read my Story,
 Tear all the Rolls, or throw 'em to the Flames!
 How wou'd the weeping Maids curse my Remembrance,
 Shou'd I for Pride of Power, a Golden Promise,
 A gaudy Nothing, prove ingrateful, perjur'd!
 Leave all the Goodness of the Earth to languish,
 And break for ever with his matchless Virtue!

Mith. You have said, and I confess it to be heavenly:
 I know, and till I saw your Eyes, I lov'd
 The Virtue of my Son; I lodg'd him near
 My Heart, and set him down my Successor:
 But now, oh hear, and wonder at your Power,
 Spite of his noble Acts, tho' to his Arm
 I owe my Life, tho' Justice speaks so loud,
 And the soft Tongue of Nature pleads so well,
 I hate him more than I did ever love him.

Sem. Alas! wou'd I had dy'd, when first you saw me.

Mith. Had he conspir'd my Death, usurp'd my Throne,
 Perhaps I might have doom'd him to be slain,
 Yet sure I shou'd have wept to see him die;
 But now, since he must ravish that lov'd Gem
 I prize above the World, tearing you from me,
 Giving me twenty Deaths, and cutting through
 My very Soul, shou'd I my Empire give
 To buy his Fate, I think it vastly sold.

Sem. Then blasted be the Form that charm'd your Eyes.
 His Fate! Oh, Gods! then you design his Death;
 To reap the bloody Harvest of his Life,
 And, *Atræus*-like, to feed on your own Bowels.
 But know, proud Monarch, there are Powers, who see
 And punish Crimes like yours; nor can I doubt,
 But they will save from your most impious Rage
 My poor lov'd Lord, innocent *Ziphares*.

[Weeping.
Mith.

Mith. Those Waters more irrage my jealous Flame,
And those heav'd Sighs but spread my Anger's Wings;
Your fatal Kindness hastens on his Death;
And that untimely Doom, which I forbore
To execute, seems necessary now:

You give him all your Stock of richest Love,
Your Tears, your longing Looks, your Smiles your Groans,
And over-blest him with your lavish Kindness;
But niggardly to me, you will not spare
A pitying Glance, one pearly Drop, to ransom
The Soul of this despairing *Mithridates*.

Andravar, go, and bear the Prince to Prison.

Sem. Stay, *Andravar*; the King has call'd you back;
See, he repents: Nay, I must hold you then,
And, if you stir, you take *Semandra* with you.

O *Mithridates*! O ungrateful Prince!
What was it you did order? But behold,
His Eyes are fix'd upon the Ground, he blushes
To think he cou'd so monstrously decree
To murder the sweet Hopes of all his Kingdoms;
The Gods be prais'd for this serene Repentance:
Yet, with the fright, I fear I shall not sleep
Till Death does close my Eyes.

Mith. O rise, *Semandra*!

Sem. Never, I never will.

Oh, all you pitying Powers, will not my Cries
And piercing Woes move you to melt his Soul?
Can you be deaf? Oh cruel *Mithridates*!
Did you but know the Workings you have made,
The heavy Plight, the panting Passions here,
If you had but a Grain of all that World
Of Love, you swore you had once for *Semandra*,
You cou'd not see me thus: Misery distracts
My Reason; shou'd you turn to a new Rage,
(Which I must fear, unless you vow to save him)
I cou'd not bear it; you shou'd see me fall
Cold, pale, and with my Death's Convulsions grasping
Your water'd Feet, but never more arise.

Mith. Give me your beauteous Hand; I swear upon it,
By all those Powers we worship, by your self,

When

36 MITHRIDATES,

When e'er *Ziphares* dies, *Semandra* kills him:
She shall alone have Power to give him Death,
Or to recall his most untimely Fate.

Enter Ziphares and Archilaus.

Thus dearly do I buy the red Impression
Which my Lips make ; but take, take it from me,
My Blood boils up again, my Spirits kindle,
That lovely Brand has lent my Wishes Flame,
And I am lost again in vast Desire.

Ziph. Semandra ! Live I once to see thee more,
'Tho' in my Father's Arms? 'Tis Heav'n, to gaze
On thy assaulted Honour, thus to see thee,
Thus tempted from me with the Charms of Empire,
Yet not consenting ! no, I'll not think the World,
Laid at thy Feet,
Cou'd win thy Faith !
Yet, O dread Sir, forgive me ;
If that my boding Heart suspects you more
Than all that Heav'n cou'd send down great and charming,
Or Hell cou'd raise up horrid to destroy me.

Mith. O Glory !

Arch. O, consider, Sir, on that ;
Think how the *Romans* will despise your Wars,
If Love now drive you—Speak, my Lord : he yields.

Ziph. Oh, Royal Sir, or if the Name of Father
Can move you more, by that I will conjure you ;
By all the Charms of *Stratonice's* Eyes,
When first they drew you to adore their Lustre ;
By all the Pains you gave her, when she bore me ;
By all the Obedience I have paid you long,
And by the Blood I yet intend to lose
In your behalf ; Oh grant me my *Semandra*.

Sem. Ev'n by the Passion my unhappy Beauty
First kindled in you (but I hope is dying)
Give me *Ziphares*, give him to my Longings.

Mith. 'Tis done ; the Conquest is at last obtain'd,
And manly Virtue lords it o'er my Passion:
It shall be so ; away, thou feeble God,

I banish thee my Bosom ; hence, I say,
 Be gone, or I will tear the Strings that hold thee,
 And stab thee in thy Heart. The Wars come on ;
 By Heav'n, I'll drown thy laughing Deity
 In Blood, and drive thee with my brandish'd Sword
 To Rome, I will, yes, to the Capitol ;
 There to resume thy Godhead once again,
 And vaunt thy Majesty without controul ;
 But never reign in *Mithridates'* Soul.

Arch. O wonderful Effect of highest Virtue !

O Conquest, which deserves more Triumphs than
 A hundred Victories in Battle gain'd.

Ziph. You must, you shall be now the Lord of Rome ;
 Her Fate shall bow beneath your awful Scepter.

O let me not enjoy the Life you promis'd,
 The vast Possession of the rich *Semandra*,
 If I strike not Rome's Eagles to the Earth,
 Take the Imperial Standard, chase their Legions,
 And bring in Triumph all their Leaders bound.

Mith. Andravar, haste, proclaim throughout the City
 My Son *Ziphares* General against the Romans [*Ex. Andr.*]
 Come to my Breast once more, my dearest Son ;
 In spite of Love, thou art again my Child ;
 Thus with a Father's Bowels I receive thee,
 Thus melting o'er thee with the tenderest Nature,
 I pray the Gods to crown thy Youth with Glory.

Ziph. Oh Happiness ! Oh Joy ! Oh blessed Tears !
 Reward this Goodness, Heav'n ; for poor *Ziphares*
 Is now so lost, he knows not what to say.

Let me devour your Hands with filial Dearness :
 Were my whole Life to come, one Heap of Troubles,
 The Pleasure of this Moment wou'd suffice,
 And sweeten all my Grievs with its Remembrance.

Sem. O happy Hour ! if I not set thee down,
 The whitest that the Eye of Time e'er saw,
 Let me ne'er smile when I remember thee,
 Nor ev'n in Wishes offer at a Joy. [*Shouting within.*]

Mith. Hark, with loud Cries the Soldiers send their Joys ;
 Go then, with the best Blessings I can give thee,
 Conduct my chearful Subjects to the Field ;

Take

Take all the fighting Virgin's Wishes with thee,
Subdue the Consul, and receive *Semandra*.

Zipb. O do not doubt me, my most Royal Lord,
If now I conquer not, thus help'd, thus promis'd,
Thus prais'd, encourag'd, and thus over-blest,
I am the Mark for all

The Synod of the Gods to shoot their Fires at.

Mith. Semandra, veil your Beauties from my Eyes;
I wou'd not trust their Influence, tho' I thank
The Pow'rs above, so strongly reigns my Virtue,
I think I might, and fear not a Relapse:
In an Apartment, proper for your Grief,
You shall be plac'd, till yours and my *Ziphares*
Return in Triumph: where no Eyes shall see
Your Private Walks, nor mark your secret Sorrow.
I thus divided you, that your Meeting may
Be yet more grateful. Haste, my Son, to Battle:
Be short in parting, for there is no End
Of Lovers Farewells. The Powers above preserve you.

[*Ex. Mith. with Pelop. and Andr.*]

Zipb. Farewell, *Semandra*; O, if my Father shou'd
Fall back from Virtue, ('tis an impious Thought!)
Yet I must ask you, cou'd you in my Absence,
Solicited by Power and charming Empire,
And threaten'd too by Death, forget your Vows?
Cou'd you, I say, abandon poor *Ziphares*,
Who midst of Wounds and Death would think on you;
And whatsoe'er Calamity shou'd come,
Wou'd keep his Love sacred to his *Semandra*,
Like Balm, to heal the heaviest Misfortune?

Sem. Your cruel Question tears my very Soul:
Ah, can you doubt me, Prince? a Faith, like mine,
The softest Passion that e'er Woman wept;
But as resolv'd as ever Man cou'd boast:
Alas, why will you then suspect my Truth?
Yet since it shews the Fearfulness of Love,
'Tis just I shou'd endeavour to convince you:
Make bare your Sword, my noble Father, draw.

Arch. What wou'dst thou now?

Sem. I swear upon it, Oh,
Be witness, Heav'n, and all avenging Pow'rs,
Of the true Love I give the Prince *Ziphares*:
When I in thought forsake my plighted Faith,
Much less in Act, for Empire change my Love;
May this keen Sword by my own Father's Hand
Be guided to my Heart, rip Veins and Arteries;
And cut my faithless Limbs from this hack'd Body,
To feast the ravenous Birds, and Beasts of prey.

Arch. Now, by my Sword, 'twas a good hearty Wish;
And, if thou play'st him false, this faithful Hand
As heartily shall make thy Wishes good.

Ziph. O hear mine too. If e'er I fail in aught
That Love requires in strictest, nicest kind;
May I not only be proclaim'd a Coward,
But be indeed that most detested thing.

May I, in this most glorious War I make,
Be beaten basely, ev'n by *Glabrio's* Slaves,
And for a Punishment lose both these Eyes:
Yet live, and never more behold *Semandra*. [*Trumpets.*]

Arch. Come, no more wishing; hark, the Trumpets call.

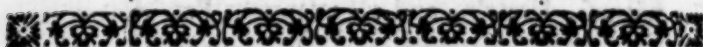
Sem. Preserve him, Gods, preserve his Innocence;
The noblest Image of your perfect selves:
Farewel; I'm lost in Tears. Where are you, Sir?

Arch. He's gone. Away, my Lord, you'll never part.

Ziph. I go; but must turn back for one last Look:
Remember, O remember, dear *Semandra*,
That on thy Virtue all my Fortune hangs;
Semandra is the Bus'ness of the War,
Semandra makes the Fight, draws every Sword;
Semandra sounds the Trumpets; gives the Word.
So the Moon charms her watry World below;
Wakes the still Seas, and makes 'em ebb and flow.



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Field.**Enter Ziphares bloody, with Soldiers:*

Ziph.  RE these, are these the Masters of the World?

O, my brave Friends, how have you fought to-day!

You fought, as if you all had Mistresses,
 Who from some Battlement beheld your Valour,
 And from your Arms expected all their Fortune.
 Oh! had you heard 'em clap their tender Hands,
 Beat their white Breasts, and rend the wond'ring Heav'n
 With their shrill Cries, you cou'd not have done more;
 Your Looks were Basilisks to Roman Blood,
 Your very Breath was as the furious North,
 And drove the Legions, like the Chaff, before you.
 Nor was I idle; witness the Wounds I feel,
 Tho' *Glabrio*, at distance, shunn'd the Force
 Of my far-darted Javelin, yet it struck
 A Tribune down, and did not uselefs fall.
 What more remains, but that we haste to meet
 Victorious *Archilaus*, plunder their Tents,
 And loaded with the Laurels we have won,
 March to *Synope*, shouting all the way,
 Long live the King of Kings, great *Mithridates*!

Enter Archilaus, attended.

Arch. O Prince! thou Life, thou Soul of all the Army,
 To whose dear Hand thrice I did owe my Life,
 When thrice this day my Horse was kill'd beneath me:
 O renown'd Day! this one Day of thy Valour

Ha

Has drown'd in dark Oblivion all my Wars :

Like Time itself, thy Glory shall run on,
While mine, my fifty Iron Years of Battle,
Lies smear'd in Dust, and moulders into Ashes.

Ziph. Yes, Father, now I cou'd grow proud of Conquest,
Since it must give your Daughter to my Arms,
Methought to-day, when I had given the Word,
Semandra, Victory declar'd herself,
E'er yet a Death by any Hand was given:
Ev'n now my Blood more heats my youthful Veins,
My Cheeks grow redder, with the Expectation
Of Love's dear promis'd Joys, than when I strove
In Flame of Fight with all my Toil upon me,
To cut my way, and win the famous Field.

Arch. Grant me, ye Gods, before the Hand of Death
Comes like eternal Night with her dark Wing,
To bar the comfortable Light for ever
From these my aged Eyes; O let me see
A Grandchild of my Prince's sacred Blood,
To call him mine, to feel him in my Arms,
To hear his innocent talk, and see him smile,
While I tell Stories of his Father's Valour,
Which he in time must learn to imitate:
Grant me but this, you Gods, and make an end,
Soon as you please, of this old happy Man.

Ziph. I feel a Gladness lighting in my Breast,
The kindled Joy disperses quickly thro' me,
And says, e'er yet the setting Sun has quench'd
His Love in his cold Mistress' Bed,
Semandra shall be mine, ev'n all *Semandra*:
The Thought is Extasy! these Arms shall hold her
Fast to my throbbing Breast; these ravish'd Eyes
Gaze 'till they're blind, with looking on her Blushes;
These stifling Lips shall smother all her Smiles,
And follow her with such Pursuit of Kisses,
That ev'n our Souls shall lose themselves in Pleasure.

Arch. First, send a flying Messenger, with News
Of our great Victory.

Ziph. *Ziphares* self
Must be the Harbinger of his own Joy:

42 *MITHRIDATES,*

I'll go with the best mounted Cavalry,
While you behind conduct, on easy March,
The weary'd Army. Once more let me look
My Father thus.

Arch. My Heart bodes Happines.

Ziph. 'Twere Sin to doubt, since Fortune had no hand
In what our Swords by dint of Valour won:
She to the Brave was ever a curst Foe;
But I at last have bound her to my Chariot,
By conquering Virtue to be dragg'd along;
And while her broken Wheel is proudly born,
She shall be forc'd our Triumph to adorn.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. *The Palace-Garden.*

Enter Pharnaces and Andravar.

Andr. Then there is hope, my Lord, th' unsett'd King
May yet relapse, and fall to love again.

Phar. 'Tis certain that the End will crown our Wishes.
Late as I pry'd about *Semandra's* Gardens,
Mad that our Plot of Ground, so plough'd to bear,
Shou'd yield no Fruit, still thoughtful how to work him,
And watch for some Accident to fit
Our Purpose, and redeem the lost Design:
I chanc'd to spy the fair *Semandra* sleeping;
But, in that Posture she appear'd so lovely,
Bold as I am, she charm'd me into wonder:
But straight thy General came to rescue me,
Who took the Hint immediately, and went
To see the King.

Andr. I guess the good Design,
To draw him on to see our beauteous Foe.

Phar. You have it; and 'tis more than half effected.
I saw 'em walk: *Pelopidas*, by his Action,
I know did kindle him with wondrous Praise,
But once to view the bright *Semandra* sleeping:
But the King stopt, as if he fear'd to go;

Then

King of Pontus.

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Then side-long glanc'd, and sigh'd, and walk'd again,
Rubbing his Hand upon his Face to hide
The rising Blushes : but, behold 'em here!

Enter Mithridates, Pelopidas.

Mith. What are her Charms to me?

Pelop. 'Tis true, they are not;

And yet, methinks, the Sight might draw down *Jove*—
Yet, I'd not ask you, for the World, to see her;
But that I think you're Master of your Promise:
I thought your godlike Frame, your Strength of Mind,
Not to be shook, therefore I woo'd you, Sir,
In Curiosity, to see a Wonder;
But, if you doubt yourself——

Mith. I think I need not:

I think my Virtue is resolv'd; but yet,
I fear, and therefore I will go no farther.

Pelop. 'Tis well resolv'd, and yet, methinks, 'twould raise
Your Pity, more than Love, to see the Tears
Force thro' her snowy Lids their melting Course,
To lodge themselves on her red murmur'ing Lips,
That talk such mournful Things; when trait a Gale
Of starting Sighs carries those Pearls away,
As Dews by Winds are wafted from the Flowers.

Mith. 'Tis wondrous pitiful; by Heaven, it is!
I feel her Sorrow working here; it calls
Fire to my Breast and Water to my Eyes,
And, if I durst——

Pelop. If you the least suspect
Your Temper, if the smallest Breath of Love
But stir your Heart; let me conjure you, Sir,
Not to go on: the dazzling Mirror will
Disturb your Quiet, and confound your Reason.

Mith. 'Twill be as well, tho' I believe no Power
Can change my Virtue; yet 'twill be as well,
If you relate exactly what you saw.

Pelop. Behold her then upon a flow'ry Bank,
With her soft Sorrows lull'd into a Slumber;
The Summer's Heat had, to her natural Blush,

Added

Added a brighter and more tempting Red ;
 The Beauties of her Neck and naked Breasts,
 Lifted by inward Starts, did rise and fall
 With Motion that might put a Soul in Statues:
 The matchless Whiteness of her folded Arms,
 That seem'd t' imbrace the Body whence they grew,
 Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that Field of Love ;
 While to my ravish'd Eyes officious Winds,
 Waving her Robes, display'd such handsome Limbs,
 As Artist wou'd in polish'd Marble give
 The wanton Goddess, when supinely laid,
 She charms her gallant God to new Enjoyment.

Mith. Something there is stirs mightily in my Breast;
 'Tis Pity, sure, it can be only Pity :
 Who knows, but that her multiplying Fears,
 And cruel Griefs, in time may give her Death ?
 'Twere most inhuman therefore not to go,
 And comfort her with Praises of Ziphares :
 I'll tell her how he conquers, how he comes
 Triumphant from the Consul's Overthrow,
 To take the noble Wreaths he has deserv'd,
 Embraces from her Arms ; Circles more rich
 Than all the Crowns my fruitless Valour won.
 Yet, stay ; I will not speak of him : 'Twere rude
 To break her Rest ; I'll see her when she wakes.

Pelop. Then you dare trust your Heart ?

Mith. 'Tis sure I dare :

By Heav'n, my Friends, I dare : I feel such strong
 Collected manly Virtue, that I'll on.

Pelop. O, sacred Sir, turn back : if conquer'd by
 Her Beauties you shou'd love again, I know

Pelopidas must bear the blame of all ;
 Therefore, my Lord.

Mith. Away ; by Heav'n, I'll go.

Pelop. Oh, 'tis impossible, if once you lov'd,
 But you must certainly relapse :

Therefore your fearful Servant kneels and begs
 You wou'd turn back : Alas, he's conscious now
 What a gross Fault his foolish Tongue committed,
 By tempting unawares your Reason forth,

Mith.

King of Pontus.

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Mith. I'll see her; yes, it is resolv'd, I'll see her,
With all that World of Charms thou hast describ'd;
Therefore arise, and lead the way.

Pelop. Alas!
My Lord, I fear you; but it is your Pleasure,
And I'm your Slave.

Mith. Reply not; but obey. [*Exeunt. Mith. Pelop.*]

Phar. I feel a pleasant Expectation breeding;
His Starts, his Stops; by *Mars*, he loves her still:
Join then the much-prevailing Circumstance
Of Time, and Place, the Absence of my Brother,
To make Guilt bold; the Loneliness of her Mansion;
Both strong Incentives to a violent Lover.

Andr. Then Love has blest you on the other hand,
Since by our subtle Practices we brought
Minima to Disgrace; with whom you may
Devert, till we have gain'd our full Revenge,
I have the Guard of her.

Phar. I am glad thou hast,
Then, to compleat the Ruin of *Ziphares*,
I hear his Mother, fearful of th' Event
Of this long War, and loving him as Life,
With *Pompey* holds private Intelligence,
And has, to *Rome*, giv'n all those Castles up,
Which she had charge of, to preserve her Son.

Andr. This, when Occasion calls, I'll aggravate,
To mad your Father more: But see, the General.

Enter Pelopidas.

Pelop. He's gone, he's ruin'd, quite transported with
The Extasy of Love; I left him kneeling
Close to her side, winding about his Heart
Such Nets of Beauty, as must hold him fast;
Therefore, when he approaches us for Comfort,
Showing his Grievs, and seeking shroud for Guilt,
Let us encourage, to our utmost power,
Whate'er his violent Love dares put in Act.

Enter

Enter Mithridates.

Mith. Torment of Heart! O, feeble Virtue! hence,
I blow thee from the Palace to the Cottage;
To build in Hearts of Hinds, bless their rude Hands
With thy lean Recompence of endless Labour:
For me, since I have burst th' ungrateful Chain
That held me to thee like a shackled Slave,
I will enjoy what'er the Gods have given,
And surfeit on the Beauties of *Semandra*.
Oh, my dear Son, my best, my own *Pharnates*;
By Heav'n, thou never didst oppose my Pleasure,
As does *Ziphares*: But I'll cast him out,
That Bosom Wolf, who laps my dearest Blood,
And lodge thee there; thou wilt not rack me thus.

Phar. The Gods forbid. But why, Sir, will you bear it?

Pelop. I cou'd not think you lov'd her at this rate;
Therefore, I hope, forgotten Virtue yielded
To bolder Pleasures, and you quench'd your Fires.

Mith. Drawn by resistless Love, I put one Knee
To Earth, and gently bowing down my Head,
First took at distance the sweet wasted Breath;
Which blew my Flames to such a raging height,
That streight I fell upon her balmy Lips,
And glew'd my own so fiercely, that she wak'd;
And starting up, soon vanish'd from my Sight,
Leaving me dumb, pale, languishing, and dying,
Rent with her Charms, distracted with the Rage
Of my Desires, and torn with cruel Love.

Pelop. Why stopt you there? I wou'd have followed
Into her inmost Closet; pardon me,
If I prove passionate to see you thus:
Better a Million of such slight-soul'd things
Were ravish'd, massacred, than *Mithridates*
Suffer one moment's Care.

Phar. I have no Patience.
By your great Glory, 'twas not nobly done:
I'th' midst of Groans, and Cries, and gushing Tears,
I wou'd have ravish'd her;—your Royal Hand,
Lock'd

Lock'd in her Amber-Hair, shou'd then have forc'd her;
Who knows, but Opposition mounts the Joy?
Like that *Athenian* Tyrant, who ne'er took
His Barge for Pleasure, but in the highest Storms;
Then wou'd he stand like *Neptune* on his Deck,
And laugh to see the Dolphins back the Billows.

Andr. Say but the Word, I'll fetch her from the Altar
To your Embraces: Never did I see
So strange an Alteration; your fierce Eye,
Which, like the Sun at Noon, none could behold
But with a Snatch of Light, and then be dazzled,
Now, like a cold and drousy Winter's Star,
Bears a bleak Brightness. O Decay of Lustre!

Mith. I am not as I was——Ha! Whence this
Noise?

[*Shout within.*

[*Ex. Pelop. and Andr.*

Phar. My Lord, this Passion has unmann'd you quite:
Forgetful of the glorious Fields you won,
You lose your dear-bought Honours in a Day,
And sell your Fame to your ambitious Son.
The Coward *Glubrio*, whom by flying Agents,
I hear, in divers Skirmishes he vanquish'd,
Has swell'd him so, and blown him to that height,
He rides upon the Shoulders of his Army:
They heave him as he were a God, in Air,
And dance before him, shouting in their Songs,
You are their Saturn, but the Prince their Jove!
All that their waning Faith can give Ambition;
And he too laughs, to hear the thundring Titles.

Mith. And, for a Recompence, shall I bestow
Upon this Traitor, all I love on Earth?
No, my *Pharnaces*, I have mark'd him dead,
If that *Semandra's* Loss can bring his Ruin:
Not but the Thought I go with, shews me just
To what I shall appear: The noble Wile
Kills by her seeming Infidelity.

Monima too must perish for Dishonour;
But rather to make way for my new Love,
And fix the giddy People on my Side. [*Shouts again.*
Again these Shouts!

Phar.

Phar. I guess *Ziphares* comes.

Mith. Down, struggling Nature;
Die, die, thou Ravisher of my Repose;
Be strangled in me all Remorse, all Thoughts
Of Pity; yet I will be calmly cruel;
Nor shall he find the Depth of my Revenge.

Enter Andravar.

Andr. Your Son has conquer'd, mightiest of Kings;
But by a way so infamously base,
I fear my Doom will scarce be less than Death
For the Relation.

Mith. Monstrous! May it be?
For I so hate him now, I wish for Crimes
Of deepest Grain, for Colour to his Fate.

Andr. His Royal Mother, the false *Stratonice*,
To whom you gave in custody *Inora*,
The strongest, richest Fort of all the East,
E'er he with *Glabrio* join'd, to *Rome* did yield
That wondrous Mass of Treasure, with her Honour.

Mith. Cursed State of Monarchs! Let the judging World
Now weigh our Pleasures with our mightier Troubles,
And find us happier than the rest of Men!
False Beauty, thou shalt die, thou Bane of Greatness;
Or if I cannot reach thy fickle Being,
I'll punish thee by ruining *Ziphares*.

Andr. This have I learnt by frequent Messengers,
Who warrant with their Lives, how by Consent
Glabrio but skirmish'd with the Prince your Son,
And was by *Stratonice* brib'd before.

Mith. Plots, Treasons, horrid black Conspiracies!
Mother and Son, Oh Parricides! combine;
But if you 'scape me, may I sleep my Reign out.

Enter Pelopidas.

What says *Pelopidas*? What of *Ziphares*?
Bring'st thou more Matter for my Curses? Speak.

Pelop.

Pelop. He comes, my Lord, and with a Port so proud,
As if he had subdu'd the spacious World;
And all *Synope's* Streets are fill'd with such
A glut of People, you wou'd think some God
Had conquer'd in their Cause; and they thus rank'd,
That he might make his Entrance on their Heads:
While from the Scaffolds, Windows, tops of Houses,
Are cast such gaudy Show'rs of Garlands down,
That ev'n the Croud appear like Conquerors,
And the whole City seems like one vast Meadow,
Set all with Flowers, as a clear Heaven with Stars.

Mith. Ungrateful Slaves! By *Mars*, when I return'd,
Worn with the Hardship of a ten Years War,
My Armies heavy gaited, bruis'd, and hack'd,
With cutting *Roman* Lives;
They ne'er receiv'd me with a Pomp like this.

Pelop. Nay, as I heard, e'er he the City enter'd,
Your Subjects lin'd the Way for many Furlongs;
The very Trees bore Men: And as our God,
When from the Portal of the East he dawns,
Beholds a thousand Birds upon the Boughs,
To welcome him with all their warbling Throats,
And prune their Feathers in his golden Beams;
So did your Subjects, in their gaudiest trim,
Upon the pendant Branches speak his Praise.
Mothers, who cover'd all the Banks beneath,
Did rob the crying Infants of the Breast,
Pointing *Ziphares* out to make 'em smile;
And climbing Boys stood on their Fathers Shoulders,
Answering their shouting Sires with tender Cries,
To make the Comfort up of general Joy.

Mith. What, will you bear your part too? Oh the
He is transported with the ample Theme, (Gods!
And plays the Orator! Plagues rot thy Tongue,
And blasted be the Lungs that breath'd his Welcome;
Perish the Bodies that went forth to meet him,
A Prey for Worms to stink in hollow Ground.
Oh, Viper! Villain! not content to take
My Love, but Life! wilt thou unthrone me too?
Shall *Mithridates* live to be depos'd,

A Stale, the Image of what once he was ;
 The very Ghost of his departed Greatness ;
 A thing for Slaves to be familiar with,
 To gape, to nod, and sleep in my scorn'd Face ?
 Awake, awake, thou sluggard Majesty,
 Rouze thee to Act ; tho' all the Elements,
 Tho' Heav'n and Hell, Subjects and Sons conspire
 With Fate thy Empire's fall, oppose their Will :
 Dare to the last, and be a Monarch still. [Exit.

Pelop. What think you now ?

Phar. I think, for my Revenge,
 For any Act that witty Horror asks,
 Thou art an Instrument so black and fit,
 The Furies join'd in Council cou'd not match thee.
 But see, *Ziphares* comes ! With what a Train
 Of Priests ! nay, then the God must be ador'd.

*The Scene being drawn, represents Ziphares's Triumph;
 which is a Street full of Pageants, crouded with Peo-
 ple, who from the Windows fling down Garlands:
 Others dance before him, while the Priests sing;
 Ziphares resting under a Canopy of State.*

Ziph. Enough, my Friends, my noble Countrymen,
 I am indebted to your Bounties ever ;
 But let me now conjure you, cease the Noise
 Of your loud Thanks, lest we disturb the King :
 We're near the Palace, and my boding Heart
 Says, He interprets rudely this our Triumph,
 Which you, against my Will, have forc'd upon me.
 Therefore *Ziphares* begs you to retire.
 By the small Victories my Arms have gain'd,
 If you have any Love, as much you shew,
 Let me intreat you all, by that Affection,
 Ev'n now upon this Instant to disband.

All. Long live our King, and noble Prince *Ziphares*.
 [Exeunt shouting.]

Phar. Welcome, *Ziphares*, welcome to *Synope* ;
 Still, when Fate calls thee forth, may'st thou return,
 Thus swell'd, thus Lord Triumphant o'er the Romans.
Ziph.

King of Pontus.

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Ziph. Had I subdu'd the World, I shou'd detest
The Title of Triumpher, and scarce think
That Man my Friend, who praises at your rate.

Pelop. Had not the Monster Multitude receiv'd you, Sir,
With such a monstrous State, methinks,
Like *Hercules*, you shou'd have slain the *Hydra*.

Andr. Heard you but, Sir, how with an hundred Mouths,
It worshipp'd, as you were already crown'd:
Long live our King, the noble Prince *Ziphares*?

Ziph. What, Villains! ha! Gods, have I Flesh and bear
Pharnaces, off; by my just Wrath they die. (it?)

[*Exeunt Pelop. and Andr.*]

Phar. The King! Remember how this Rage will found.

Ziph. O the curst Traitors! Brother, beware of 'em,
Howe'er they crouch at present to your Fortune:
For I perceive your Favour warm'd the Snakes
To stir; they have no Sense of Gratitude:
I found 'em base, and therefore did discard 'em;
For which the Slaves have sworn me mortal hate;
But if I live I'll crush 'em.

Phar. You'll to the King?

Ziph. I will. Methinks this Meeting was unlucky;
My Heart misgives me more, and higher beats
With this last Heat, than all the Toil of War.
Perhaps they move the King; but sure not much:
Or if they do, tho' our great Father frowns,
One Smile, one Tear of Joy from my *Semandra*
Will wash the Anger of the Gods away. [*Exit.*]

Phar. Go, and the Welcome that I wish attend thee.
Of all my elder Brothers, he remains
To cross my Hopes, and bar me from the Crown:
Whom yet I doubt not, by my Engine's help,
To burst in sunder, and then gild my Brows.
Methinks, I shou'd become the golden Hoop
That circles in one Quarter of the Globe:
I have it just; my Scepter waving thus,
The starting Princes run to clear my way.

C 2

Enter

Enter Mithridates, Semandra, Pelopidas, Andravar, Guards.

But hold, my Father comes, with sad *Semandra*!
Weep on; while I go laugh my Cares away
With *Monima*, who must or yield or die. [Exit.

Mith. Has not the Traitor won my Subjects Hearts?
Has not his Mother basely too betray'd me?
Has he not dar'd to triumph without leave?
Which, when my faithful'st worthiest Counsellors
Rebuk'd him for, with mild and gentle Language,
He reddend'd with proud Anger, drew his Sword;
Then, like a monstrous Parricide came on
Here to my Palace, heading the wild Croud:
So thro' the Bodies of my Friends to pass,
Till with his barbarous Hand he reach'd my Bosom.

Sem. 'Tis false; 'tis all most horrid Perjury;
And the curs'd spotted Souls of these vile Traytors
Shall burn for this beneath: I know they hate
The gallant Prince and now conspire against him;
With Words made up with all the Blasts of Hell
They strike your sacred Ears, bewitch your Senses,
And with those Spells that foulest Treason hatch'd,
Stagger your royal Reason. O yet hear me!

Mith. From what I have decreed, no Charm, no
No Eloquence, nor Mercy's self, adorn'd (Power,
In all *Semandra*'s Beauties, in her Tears,
Prostrate upon the Earth, and hanging on
My Knees, nay, dying with her Grief, shall move me.

Sem. I now believe you are not to be mov'd;
Therefore with my undaunted Innocence,
I stand to hear the Doom you have decreed.

Mith. If when *Ziphares*, at your first appearance,
Runs to your Arms, fir'd with expected Joys,
You thrust him not away, and slight him strange'y,
With all the Marks of the most proud Disdain,
That a most faithless and ambitious Woman
Cou'd shew to gain the Empire of the World;
He shall be stab'd, be murder'd by my Guards,
Before your Eyes.

Sem.

Sem. Oh, 'tis not possible,
That you can mean the dreadful thing you speak;
You speak it but to try the poor *Semandra*.

Mith. Mark me most heedfully, for 'tis most true;
And sooner shall a dooming God recall
His *Stygian* Oath than I renounce my Vow:
He dies, I say, if you receive him not
With all the Coldness of a fair Apostate,
Whose Chastity, the Poison of sweet Power,
Had brought to ruin, whose protested Faith
The Charms of Empire had quite turn'd to Air.

Sem. Gods! do you hear the Tyrant?

Mith. Do you hear me?

For to your Words, which must make plain your Falshood,
Your Looks shou'd give the Lye, by amorous Glances,
And Languishings; for Lovers Eyes will talk:
Or, as you speak your Hate, mixt Signs arise,
Or faulting Speech, or any other Mark,
To shew that you are forc'd to what you say;
Then, from the place where I shall stand conceal'd,
I'll give the Signal to my waiting Guards,
Who in a Moment shall destroy your Lover,
When all your Tears and Sighs shall not recall him.

Sem. I'll die, I'll die, ten thousand Deaths I'll die,
Rather than meet him thus. What after all
The dreadful Imprecations that I made him,
And swore upon my Father's Sword, a Faith,
A spotless Love for ever to endure;
Shall I abjure my Oaths, and to his Face
Protest a Falshood, and belye my Heart?

Mith. Take your own course, I have sworn.

Sem. O Tyranny!
What, shall I meet him after all his Hardships,
After the Heats, and Colds, and smarting Wounds,
Which for my sake he partly has endur'd,
Still chearing up himself, that after all
The Blood he lost, he shou'd enjoy *Semandra*,
His gentle Mistress, one Day shou'd reward him
For the long Mischiefs of a cruel War?

Mith. I have not leisure now to hear Complaints:
Either resolve t'obey, and speedily,
Or you and I must never see him more.

Sem. Stay, Royal Sir, come back: Ne'er see him more!
And if I die, rather than see him thus,
Will you not save his Life?

Mith. Your Death, *Semandra*!
The very mention hastens on his Fate.

Sem. Alas, alas! I fear, if I but look,
As if I knew him not, or had forgot him,
So nice and tender is his Love,
So soft his Disposition, 'twill be fatal.

Mith. Then you resolve his Death?

Sem. It cannot be.
No, I will see him, tho' I must be cruel;
But bate a little of your Imposition:
An unkind Word will kill the poor *Ziphares*;
As sure as all the Hate which you enjoin me.

Enter Ismenes.

Ismen. The Prince *Ziphares* begs
Admittance of your Majesty.

Mith. You must retire, *Semandra*.

Sem. O Torment! O the Racks of Love, distress
Like mine! Of Passion at a loss like mine!
Help me, you Gods, or I shall faint with bearing. [*Exit.*]

Mith. Call in the Prince——
What, Nature yet again?
I charge thee, trouble my Repose no more.

Enter Ziphares.

Ziph. 'Tis well, you Powers, that pry into our Hearts;
Well have I lost my dearest Blood in Battle,
Since once again I see my Royal Father.

Mith. *Ziphares*, rise: I hear you have fought well,
Too well, perhaps, for *Mithridates'* Peace:
You triumph too, I hear.

Ziph.

King of Pontus.

35

Ziph. Alas, my Lord,
I fear *Pelopidas* and *Andragar*,
Have been too busy with your Ear.
By my best Hopes, by your most sacred Life,
I wou'd not triumph, till your Orders came;
At least, they told me, that they came from you:
If they were false——

Mith. They were your Friends, who brought
Those Orders; therefore, you are not in fault,
Nor ought you share the Crimes of *Stratonice*.

Ziph. Of *Stratonice*! Ah, what has she done?
Ah, Sir, what Villain has traduc'd my Mother?
Give me to know——

Mith. Perhaps you're ignorant;
Wou'd I had been so too: but to the purpose:
I promis'd, when the Consul was o'ercome,
To give *Semandra* to you. ———— Seem not sad,
You love your Father well; but, Prince, I know
Your Passion for *Semandra* is the highest:
I'll send her to you; if you please, retain her. [*Exit.*]

Ziph. Is this then thy Reward, unnecessary Virtue?
Why do we wear thee thus to our undoing?
O inauspicious Stars! thy Father hates thee,
Because thou art too good! Went it not so?
I fought too well! His Eye disdain'd me too,
And held my high Desert at hateful distance:
But let it be, there's Satisfaction still
In Innocence: And conscious Glory tells me,
My Griefs shall fly, like Clouds, before *Semandra*.

Enter Semandra.

But see, the Sun that drives 'em! O my Star!
Thou Day, that gild'st my little World of Comfort,
Give me thy Warmth; let me, upon thy Bosom
Breathe all my Victories. Alas, the King,
My cruel Father,—Ha! what now, *Semandra*?
Not fly into my Arms! O all you Pow'rs
That nurs'd our tender Loves, she turns away!
Hast thou too caught the Coldness of my Father?

C 4

Clear

36 MITHRIDATES,

Clear me, ye Gods, and fix my Understanding
To this one View, lest I mistake all Measure,
And run to Madness. What, not look upon me?
By Heav'n, if thus, if thus I shou'd behold thee,
'Tho' in a Dream, 'twou'd make me wish to sleep for ever.
O my dear Life! thou shalt not hide thy Kindness;
But to dissemble thus a Moment longer,
Wou'd quite destroy the passionate *Ziphares*.
I'll force thy Hand thus, to my trembling Lips.

Sem. The Kiss you ravish, Prince, is dangerous;
And let me now conjure you, by your Love,
If you can love after what I enjoin you,
Upon your Life, offer the like no more.

Ziph. O man me, Reason, with thy utmost Force:
Or Passion with the dreadful Starts it makes
Will soon divorce my Soul from this weak Body.
What hast thou said? And, Ah! What have I heard?
Fair, cruel, faithless, for the Blood I lost,
Dost thou thus meet me? Raise my Eyes from Earth,
And tell me, Have I, Ah, have I deserv'd
This Usage from my dear ador'd *Semandra*?

Sem. You deserve all things; but you must not ask
My Love, unless you wish me most unhappy.

Ziph. Oh, you good Gods! Is it then come to this?
Shall I, shall I—but speak it once again;
Unhappy! didst thou, could'st thou say, unhappy?

Sem. I'd have you strive, my Lord, to love me less.

Ziph. If you wou'd have it so, be witness, Heav'n,
If for your Quiet you enjoin me this,
I'll strive, but (Oh!) 'tis most impossible:
Ah, may I not presume to ask, if this
The Reason be, why I shou'd love you less,
That the too happy King may love you more?——
Your Silence does confirm *Ziphares* lost:
And all that I cou'd fear is come upon me.
Ah, barbarous King! I'll bear thy Bonds no longer;
But cast off Duty, as thou hast all Love,
Thou bloody Author of this wretched Being,
Tyrant——

Sem.

King of Pontus.

37

Sem. Take heed, *Ziphares*, how you wrong your Father;
I've heard you give another Character,
So diff'rent from this last, of *Mithridates*;
Methinks you scarce appear the same *Ziphares*
Whom once I knew.

Ziph. It is most sure, I do not:
But to convince me more, quite to compleat
The cruel Sum of all my desperate Woes,
And sink me ever; what, Madam, have you heard
Me say? or, rather, what is't you would say,
In ill-time prais'd of this inhuman Father?

Sem. Have I not heard you speak the tenderest things?
How, but for some few Faults, so small, that scarce
The Eye of Envy or of Hate cou'd find 'em,
He wou'd be perfect as the Gods themselves?
A King so awful, that the *Romans* fear'd him?
A King so merciful, *Barbarians* lov'd him?
A King——

Ziph. No more? I am confirm'd: She's lost:
The King! she's gone; the Beauty of the Earth,
All that in Woman cou'd be Virtue call'd,
Is lost.

Corrupted are her noble Faculties,
The Temper of her Soul is quite infected:
Inconstancy, the Plague that first or last
Taints the whole Sex, the catching Court-Disease,
Has spotted all her white, her Virgin Beauties.

Sem. You think me false—Ah, 'tis but just you shou'd:
But, Prince, I swear, I am not what you think me;
Yet never can be yours.

Ziph. O Confusion!
Never! O horrid! never can be yours!
Thou tear'st my Heart! Call back those dreadful Words;
Tho' thou art going, yet thou art not gone:
Ah, e'er it be too late, behold me gasping.
Come to my Arms, Oh, leave me not for ever:
Fall on my Bosom, I'll forgive thy Weakness;
Try to deceive myself with specious Reasons,
Never upbraid thee that thou once wert false,
But with my Tears wash all thy Stains away.

Sem. Since Tears (O help me, Heav'n!) are vain, take,
take my Counsel,

Chear your sad Heart; and grieve, 'O grieve no more.

Ziph. Then thou art lost; resolv'd upon my ruin.

Sem. Your Life's too precious; I resolve against it!
Nor for ten thousand Worlds--What was I saying? [*Aside.*
What shall I say? Live, live, thou lost *Ziphares*.

Ziph. No, thou perfidious Maid, thou wretched Beauty,
Ziphares loves thee still; so well he loves thee
That he will die, to rid thee of a Torment.
Where are thy Vows? O think upon thy Father,
How this will cut him, this thy cruel Change,
And break his aged Heart. Or e'er he dies,
Think, if this kindled Rage should execute
What he has sworn, to hack thy beauteous Limbs,
Tear thy false Flesh into a thousand Pieces.

Sem. If that were all my Fear!-----

Ziph. What, hardned! O my Stars!
So quickly perfect in the cursed Trade?
I shall go mad with the Imagination.
O Heart! tho' Heav'n had op'd the pregnant Clouds,
And teem'd with all the never-erring Gods,
To swear on Earth, *Semandra* had been false,
Semandra had been false to her *Ziphares*,
I wou'd not have believ'd.

Sem. I cannot hear his Grief, nor must I cure it.
Farewel--O Prince--Instruct me, Heav'n, to save him.

Ziph. Stay thee; there's something e'er we part for ever,
That I wou'd speak, if I cou'd make it way.

Sem. Speak then, and speak the mournful'st things
To break both Hearts. (you can

Ziph. Thou hast undone me; like a Silver-Frost,
Thou com'st upon the Flower of all my Youth,
To nip the tender Bud, and blast my Glory:
Yet I will live, *Semandra*, I will live,
To save thee from thy Father's cruel Rage;
For, wicked as thou art, with Grief, I feel,
My Soul looks after thee, and seeks thy Safety.

Sem. I shall not hold; I feel the climbing Grief; [*Aside.*
My Eyes grow full, and I shall give him Death.

Ziph.

King of Pontus.

59

Ziph. Farewel, thus, kneeling at thy Feet, I pour
These parting Tears; and sure, the happy King
In pity will allow this dying Kiss,
Which my cold Lips print on thy faithless Hand.
Oh, all my Vows, for ever here I leave you;
And, since we never, never must behold
Each other more, I'll breathe 'em once again:
Farewel, *Semandra*. Oh, thou'lt never find,
In all thy search of Love, a Heart like mine.
Once more, farewel for ever, false *Semandra*.
What? Yet again thy Name? Will my charm'd Tongue
Sound nothing but *Semandra*? Oh, *Semandra*! [*Exit*.]

Enter Mithridates, with Priests.

Sem. The cruel Task is done; and I can hold
No longer! (thee;

Mith. Come, back, *Semandra*, Empire, Empire calls
Open thy Eyes to meet thy coming Glory!

Sem. O barb'rous Prince, may I not die in quiet?

Mith. Talk not of dying,

See this holy Man——

Sem. Holy! Profane!

All things are now alike to my Distraction.

Mith. He instantly shall join your Hand with mine.

Sem. What means the Tyrant?

Mith. You are now our Queen.

Sem. First, let me seek a Dragon in his Den;

Imbrace an Aspic, curl with Basilisks,

E'er I give up this Body, this poor Beauty,

To any but my Lord, the wrong'd *Ziphbares*.

Mith. I guess you wou'd not by your free Consent;
But I shall force, if you refuse to yield;

This Moment I will take you in my Chariot,
Streight to the Temple, and in Publick wed you.

Tho' you refuse to join in Ceremony,
Instead of sacred Words venting loud Curses,
'Twill not avail; for when the Mystery's done,
I'll bear you back, and as my Queen enjoy you.

Sem. I will be dragg'd; dislissled with my Grief.

C 6.

Mith.

60 MITHRIDATES,

Mith. You have the Will, but not the Power to die.

Sem. None! is there none, no pitying God awake?
And are your Priests confederate in my Ruin?
They sure will tell you of your Tyranny,
And fear too much the Anger of the Heav'ns,
To force a helpless Virgin: They will speak
Your Crime abroad; will you not, holy Men?

Mith. Let me but hear the Holiest of 'em cross me,
By Heav'n, he shall go sacrifice beneath:
Therefore away, Priest, forward to the Temple.

Sem. Help, help, ye Gods.

Mith. All thought of help is vain.
Give me your beauteous Hand, and willingly,
Or here are Arms to bear you.

Sem. Let 'em be;

Call all your Armies hither to your Aid,
I will not stir, nor give this trembling Hand
To gain an Empire: Thus, to the Earth I'll grow
One Piece; Oh, root me here, some pitying God,
And let me lose my Being, to escape him.

Mith. *Andravar*, raise her gently from the Ground;
Take Help, and bring her softly to my Chariot.

[*They take her in their Arms.*]

Sem. Stay, *Mithridates*; hear me but one Word;
One Moment's stay: Ev'n Malefactors are
Allow'd to speak before their Execution;
And shall not I? I, who am innocent?
'Tis not to thee, but to the Gods, I bow;
Behold;—but see, from you, from you they take me;
O save me thus by cruel Men betray'd;
Revenge yourselves, and right a ravish'd Maid. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Mithridates encompass'd with the Ghosts of his
Sons, who set Daggers to his Breast, and vanish.*

WHAT ho! *Pelopidas!* why, *Andravar!*
Haste to my Help.

Enter Pelopidas and Andravar.

Pelop. What wou'd your Majesty?

Mith. I wou'd, what I must ne'er expect on Earth,
The Peace I had. Come nearer. Oh, my Friends!
If Fate did e'er foreshew a Doom in sleep,
Mine is at hand. Last Night, you well remember,
I bore *Semandra* from the thundring Gods,
Who shook the deep Foundations of the Temple,
With the Report of Wrath Divine; yet I,
This desperate Wretch, thro' Streets of Fire, did bear her
Back, in a swoon, to my most inward Closet:
But there you left me, left me to the Rage
Of monstrous Love; which, in the midst of Faintings,
With Transports yet unheard of, forc'd a Joy,
Whose momentary Pleasures will heap on me
Whole Worlds of Furies, Hells of endless Horror!

Pelop. But, Sir, the Dream, that may divert your Cares.

Mith. Divert 'em! rather let me gather all my Courage
To bulwark in my Soul. O plant me round
With your kind Bodies; blunt, if possible,
Heav'n's whetted Vengeance, while I tell the Vision.
After the dreadful Ecstasy was over,
The ravish'd Maid, half-dead with shrieking Prayers;
Burst, at the last, from my relenting Arms,
Ran to my Sword, of which, when I disarm'd her,
She fled the Room, with Cries like one distracted,

Press'd

Press'd with Remorse, I rested on my Couch,
 And slept; but, oh, a Dream so full of Terror,
 The pale, the trembling Midnight Ravisher
 Ne'er saw, when cold *Lucretia's* mourning Shadow
 His Curtains drew, and lath'd him in his Eyes,
 With her bright Tresses, dabbled in her Blood.

Pelop. I have heard of Dreams that prov'd Ominous;
 But I cou'd never fix my Faith on Fancies.

Mith. Methought, by Heav'nly Order I was doom'd
 To seek my Fate alike in th' other World:
 Strait, like a Feather, I was borne by Winds
 To a steep Promontory's Top, from whence
 I saw the very Mouth of op'ning Hell;
 Shooting so fast thro' the void Caves of Night,
 I had not time to ponder of my Passage,
 I shot the Lake of Oaths, where fleeting Ghosts,
 Whose Bodies were unbury'd, begg'd for Waftage:
 Then was I thrown down the infernal Courts,
 Infinite Fathoms, till I soar'd again
 To the bright heav'nly Plains, the happy Fields.

Andr. I wonder, that the brittle Thread of Thought
 Shou'd hold in such a Maze.

Mith. Oh, now it comes.
 After that heavenly Sounds had charm'd my Ears,
 Methought I saw the Spirits of my Sons,
 Slain by my Jealousy of their Ambition,
 Who shriek'd, he's come! our cruel Father's come!
 Arm, arm, they cry'd, thro' all th' enamel'd Groves
 Strait had their Cries alarm'd the wounded Host
 Of all those *Romans*, massacred in *Asia*:
 I heard the empty Clank of their thin Arms,
 And tender Voices cry, Lead *Pompey*, lead.
 Strait they came on, with Chariots, Horse and Foot,
 When I had leisure to discern their Chief,
 Methought, that *Pompey* was my Son *Ziphares*;
 Who cast his dreadful Pile, and pierc'd my Heart:
 Then, such a Din of Death, and Swords and Javelins
 C'atter'd about me, that I wak'd with Terror,
 And found my self extended on the Floor.

King of Pontus.

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Enter Pharnaces.

Phar. Arm, arm, great *Mithridates*, the big War
Comes with vast Leaps, bounding o'er all the East,
Which crouches to the Torrent: *Pompey* comes;
Pompey the Great, saluted Emperor,
And for some Years destin'd to govern all
Th' *Italian* Arms, with such a full Commission,
As yet was never granted to a *Roman*.
Pompey, so young, so soft, in shining Courts,
That all the *Roman* Ladies languish for him;
Pompey, so fierce in Camps, so brave in Fields,
The very Boys, like *Cupids*, drest in Arms,
Clap their young harness'd Thighs, and trust to Battel:
Pompey, *Rome's* Darling and *Fame's* eldest Son,
Proclaims with *Mithridates* mortal War.

Mith. Were all well here, what Force, what *Roman*
What General, marching at the head of Millions, (*Arms*,
Cou'd daunt the bold, the forward *Mithridates*?
But here, *Pharnaces*, in my guilty Bosom,
The fatal Foe does undermine me quite:
Black Legions are my Thoughts; not *Pompey*, but
Ziphares comes, with all his Wrongs, for Arms,
Like the Lieutenant of the Gods, against me:
Semandra too, like bleeding Victory,
Stands on his side, and cries out, Kill, kill, kill
That cursed Parricide, that Ravisher.
Oh, Heav'n, sustain me, or I shall go mad;
My ugly Guilt flies in my conscious Face,
And I am vanquish'd, slain with Bosom War.

Phar. 'Tis much beneath your Majesty, to alarm
Your self with Fears.

Mith. *Pharnaces*, thou art ignorant!
I tell thee, Boy, Remorse and upstart Fear
Oppresses me, in spite of all my Knowledge;
Tho' none of those that boast Philosophy
Has made a deeper Search in Nature's Womb,
Than I; (the Midnight Moon has seen my Watchings)
I tell thee, none can name her infinite Seeds

Like

Like me; nor better know her Sparks of Light,
 Those Gems that shine in the blue Ring of Heav'n;
 None knows more Reasons for or 'gainst yon first
 Bright Cause, can talk of Accidents
 Above me; yet, I'll tell thee, once again,
 There is a Thorn, call'd *Conscience*, makes its way
 Thro' all the Fence of Pleasure, fortify'd
 With Reasons, that this Ill seem'd good to me,
 And stings thy guilty Father to the Soul.

Pelop. After the fierceness of uncommon Pleasure,
 A sudden Heaviness is natural.

Andr. Not but the fading Spirits will revive.

Mith. Never, oh never: nor did I enjoy
 Expected Pleasure, tho' these Hands did hold,
 All Night, her panting Beauties to my Breast.
 But, oh! what Joy, what Pleasure, what Content,
 Cou'd my griev'd Heart receive in ravish'd Kindness!
 Her Lips, which if *Ziphares* had been there,
 Wou'd sure have shot their gleamy Warmth at distance,
 Were cold to me, as Odours are in Frost:
 Her Face, like weeping Marble damp'd my Flames;
 And as I drew her trembling to my Arms,
 She fainted still, and woo'd me with such Wailings,
 Such Languishings, and broken Sighs to leave her;
 That had not more than monstrous Appetite
 Transported me, the Rose had been unblasted.

Phar. You think of her too much: the Sex of Women,
 The ravish'd Beauties of the Earth together,
 Deserve not half the Grief that clouds your Brow.

Pelop. Your Subjects want you to defend their Lives:
 Each Citizen, in Armour clad, defends
 His Household-Gods, standing to guard his Door,
 And cries, A Leader! let us to the Wars.

Mith. The Thunderbolt of *Mithridates'* Battel,
 My Arm, my Arm, ev'n my Right Arm is lost.
 Nor will my Trumpets sound without *Ziphares*:
 His Breath was as the Air to all the Army;
 His Face was as the Sun, in depth of Winter;

And made cold Cowards blush away their Fears;
But he is set, for ever set in Sorrow.

Andr. Your Majesty is, of your self, sufficient
To head your eager Troops; or brave *Pharnaces*
Stand forth, to fill *Ziphares'* empty Place.

Pelop. *Ziphares* still your Royal Favour had,
To improve himself in Arms against the *Romans*;
While in inglorious Fields, *Pharnaces* strove
Amongst *Barbarians*, to get a Name:
And tho', perhaps, he greater Pains employ'd,
In rooting up such Rubbish of the Earth,
Than the other did in felling lofty Trees;
Yet this was paid with Labour, that with Praise.

Mith. Peace, Villains; Peace, conspiring Sycophants;
Now, by the Gods, my Eyes are half unseal'd:
But if the Thought that kindles in my Breast
Finds proper fuel to increase my Fire,
I shall consume you, Traitors; if I find
(Which I begin to do) that you have play'd
The Villain, *Andravar*, or thou *Pelopidas*,
And laid *Semandra's* Beauty as a Snare
To catch *Ziphares'* Life, (Oh, all the Gods!)
And ruin me, by placing of the Bait:
Mark me, if aught of this, if any Shadow
Appear, that you conspir'd to betray me;
I'll heap such Horrors on your frighted Souls,
That you shall call your Brother Devils up,
To snatch you hence, rather than stand my Fury.

Pelop. Why shou'd your Majesty suspect your Servants?

Mith. Because thou didst foment my Passion;
And when I view thee well my Genius bids,
Beware of thee: tho' thy most subtil Devil
Has wrought me still to listen to thy Lyes;
Thou art, methinks, maliciously contriv'd,
And hast, if ever yet a Villain had,
The Face of a most subtil working Slave.

Andr. We have done nought, but what your Royal
Word

Did warrant: if you lov'd, shou'd we rebuke it?
Or durst we think to quench a Fire, which you
Resolv'd shou'd burn?

Mith.

66 MITHRIDATES,

Mith. Yes, Traitors ! yes, you ought,
When you had seen me going, to have stopt me :
My struggling Virtue might with some Assistance,
Have cast the Venom of my Passion up ;
But, with your poisonous Breath you made it rage,
Till I was fit to ruin poor *Semandra*.

Enter Semandra.

But, Oh ! behold the Innocence I wrong'd.

Sem. What, dost thou start ? Oh Heavens ! *Semandra*
Why, what a Monster then must I appear, (frights him,
Whose Form can shake the bloody *Mithridates* !

'Tis sure, thou hast undone this helpless Creature,
And turn'd to mortal Paleness all her Beauties ; [*Weeping.*
Thou hast made her hate the Day which once adorn'd
Her open Sweets ; how wretched hast thou made me !
Yet, Oh my Soul, thou inward Knowledge, speak,
How much I hate this violated Shrine.

Mith. Wretched *Semandra* !

Sem. Dost thou pity me ?
Is the long Line of my eternal Grief
Of such a charming Force, that it can fetch
Tears from that Rock ? Ah, most unheard-of Sorrow !
Dost thou repent ? Or are they but feign'd Tears ?
Whate'er they are, thou should'st have thought before,
The cruel Consequence of this dark Deed ;
When I was heav'd in Air, and with my Cries.
Pierc'd the deaf Heav'ns, and call'd to thee for Mercy,
Then hadst thou thus dissolv'd, I shou'd have blest thee,
But now, thy black Repentance comes too late.
What, ah ! what Satisfaction canst thou make ?

Mith. Instruct me.

Sem. No, there is in Nature none ;
Since I can never be *Ziphares*' Bride.
For if thou shouldst consent to make us One,
And Heav'n shou'd warrant it ; nay, tho' *Ziphares*
Extravagantly shou'd consent to take me,
Ah, cou'd I meet those dear, those faithful Arms,
Which yet, in Sleep, ne'er touch'd a Breast but mine ;

Thus

Thus wrong'd, and thus defil'd, thus nothing left
Of his *Semandra*, but her spotless Mind!
This is too much to think. Ah, cruel King!
Now I cou'd curse, now I cou'd tear my self,
Now I cou'd weep, as if 'twere possible
To wash my Stains out! Tell me, O you Powers,
For I'll be calm, was I not worthy of your Care?
And why, you Gods, was Virtue made to suffer?
Unless this World be but as Fire, to purge
Her Dross, that she may mount and be a Star.
Were this but certain; ah! there's nothing sure,
But my irrevocable Fate. undone *Semandra*! ———
This, this is certain, Death with Loss of Honour. [*Exit.*

Mith. Farewell, *Semandra*, thou most wrong'd of
Women.

But I'll this instant go to *Monima*;
And if I find what I suspect, *Pharnaces*,
I'll cut thee off as an infectious Limb;
And, for those Villains, I shall quickly know
The Wrong she has had; whose accus'd Innocence
If your foul Words have sully'd with black Slander,
Think not t'escape: for shou'd you ride on Charms,
Take Winds to bear you, or the Lightning's Speed,
With panting Horror to the Brink of Hell,
I'd sweep you from the Verge to Flames beneath,
And sink your Villanies with weighty Death. [*Exit.*

Phar. First, sink your self, your Crown and Love
Pelopidas, this comes of your cool Counsel: [together.
Had I been heard, *Monima* had been gone,
By this; enjoy'd, and crown'd my Royal Bride;
And we receiv'd, as Conquerors by the *Romans*.
Hast thou not heard, how when *Tygranes* came,
And cast his Diadem at *Pompey's* Feet,
He call'd him King, and rais'd him by that Name
To sit as Equal to the *Roman* Consul?
By all the Gods, I will not stay a moment,
But take immediately my Flight; except
You swear to side with *Rome*, call *Pompey* hither,
And haste with all the Forces we can make,
To join his Army, and betray my Father.

Pelop.

Pelop. A sudden Thought of lucky Mischief comes:
 Old *Archilaus* is arriv'd, but left
 The labour'd Army some few Furlongs hence:
 You know the violent Love the Soldiers bear
 The Prince your Brother; and we know too well,
 And so do all the murmuring Citizens,
 How cruelly your Father lately us'd him:
 But that great Mole, the Multitude, ne'er sees
 Who works their Prince, but still take all on trust;
 Therefore I instantly will spread amongst 'em,
 How *Archilaus* was Conspirator
 Against the Prince, and finding more Advantage
 To have the King his Son-in-Law, by Letters
 Basely compell'd his Daughter to the Marriage.

Par. Millions to one but this will set 'em on
 To tear curst *Archilaus* like mad Dogs.
 Besides, I find by frequent Murmurs, how
 His Subjects are quite tir'd with length of War;
 And, but last Night, I know no less than twelve,
 All Captains, who conspir'd to take the part
 Of *Pompey*, and intreated me to head 'em.

Andr. Pursue the Treason, and be sure it cool not;
 While I with *Tryphon* hasten to the Army;
 A Priest will colour well our Enterprize,
 There will we give out all, that Treachery
 Can raise to fire 'em; how the King has doom'd
 The Prince to Death, having first ravish'd from him
 The fair *Semandra*, for whose sake he dies.

Phar. While I immediately to *Pompey* send,
 Who comes, I hear, on hasty March, to fight
 Our Army, and besiege us in our Walls.

Pelop. Thus shall the Prince and I rule all within;
 And you, with the High-Priest my Brother, play
 Your Parts without.

Phar. I long to be in Action:
 And sure *Rome* must, for the Overthrow,
 Give me my Father's Crowns; which Gratitude
 Shall distribute to both your utmost Wishes.

Pelop. We must not doubt your Bounty—But away.

King of Pontus.

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Enter Ziphares, with Ismenes, at distance.

Your melancholy Brother may o'er-hear us.

[*Ex. Phar. Pelop. Andr.*

Ziph. Oh, my hard Fate! why did I trust her ever?

What Story is not full of Woman's Falshood!

The Sex is all a Sea of wide Destruction:

We are the vent'rous Barks that leave our Home,

For those sure Dangers which their Smiles conceal:

At first, they draw us in with flatt'ring Looks

Of Summer-Calms, and a soft Gale of Sighs:

Sometimes, like *Syrens*, charm us with their Songs,

Dance on the Waves, and shew their golden Locks:

But when the Tempest comes, then, then they leave us,

Or rather help the new Calamity,

And the whole Storm is one injurious Woman.

The Lightning, follow'd with a Thunder-bolt,

Is marble-hearted Woman: All the Shelves,

The faithless Winds, blind Rocks, and sinking Sands,

Are Women all; the Wrecks of wretched Men.

Prithee, *Ismenes*, while I lay me here,

Charm me with some sad Song into a Slumber.

SONG: *By Sir Car Scroop.*

I.

ONE Night when all the Village slept,

Myrtillo's sad Despair,

The wandring Shepherd waking kept,

To tell the Woods his Care.

Be gone, said he, fond Thoughts, be gone;

Eyes, give your Sorrows o'er:

Why shou'd you waste your Tears for one

That thinks on you no more?

II.

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Pow'rs,

That dwell within this Grove,

Can tell how many tender Hours

We here have pass'd in Love.

Tom

*Yon Stars above (my cruel Foes)
Have heard how she has sworn
A thousand times, that like to those
Her Flame shou'd never burn.*

III.

*But, since she's lost, Ob! let me have
My Wish, and quickly die:
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
And there for ever lie.
Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep,
And kindly here complain.
Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,
But never wak'd again,*

Enter Archilaus.

Arch. How now, *Ismenes*? *Prithee*, gentle Boy,
Instruct me where to find thy Royal Master.
What! dost thou weep? I charge thee bring me to him.

Isme. See there, my Lord.

Arch. Bless me, you Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Upon the Earth! It cannot be thy Master.
Is that a Posture for a Conqueror?
He who so bravely beat the *Romans* back,
A General and Triumpher?

Isme. By Heav'n, it's true, my Lord: there lies the
Prince.

Arch. Something my Heart presag'd, when having left
The Army, I came posting to the Court;
And scarce receiv'd a Welcome from my Friends;
They said the Prince had triumph'd, but I saw
Not the least Track of such a Glory left,
No glimmering Twilight of so full an Honour.
There has been foul Play, and I'll find it out.

Ziph. Away, *Semandra*; Cruel Woman, leave me.

Arch. Ha! goes it there? *Ziphares*, Prince arise.

Ziph. Ha! who is there? Old *Archilaus*!

Arch. Why

Do I not see you in a Chariot,

With all the Pride of *Asia's* brightest Gems?
Why mount you not the Throne which you deserve,
The Lords of *Colchis* waiting as your Slaves?
Give me some Reason why I see you thus.

Ziph. Alas, he had no hand in her Revolt,
Nor knows not yet, perhaps, how she has us'd me:
Why do I seem thus strange then?—Oh, *Archilaus*,
(For I must never call thee Father more)
Pardon my faulty Carriage.

Arch. Forbear these strict Embraces,
Your Tears, your hanging on my Bosom thus:
Your Sighs reduce my Age to sobbing Childhood,
And make an Infant of your poor old Man.

Ziph. Did I not say, I never more must call
Thee Father?

Arch. Yes, you did.

Ziph. Fond, foolish Sorrow!
Thou art, thou shalt, thou must be still my Father,
My Brother, Sister, Mistress, All, my Friend;
For all but thou have left me: no kind Eye
Mitigates the Sufferings of abus'd *Ziphares*;
They fly, all fly from my infectious Fortune.

Arch. Nay, good dear Prince, stand up, you smother all
Your Words with Groans: dry up this womanish Grief,
And speak, dear Sir, declare the curst Cause,
The baleful Spring, the Source of all this Mischief.

Ziph. Wou'd you believe it? scarce can I my self:
Oh Heav'ns! and oh, you ever-burning Lights,
Who have beheld at Midnight from your Orbs
Our Flames, that kindled bright and chaste as your's;
Which of you all, which most malignant Star,
Shew me that envious Fire that crost our Loves,
That I may curse him from his fatal Sphere.

Arch. Name it, I say, the Ground of all this Trouble.
I feel a warm Revenge run thro' my Blood,
As if I had put off some forty Years:
Methinks I stand as fit to fight the Cause
Of Friendship now, as then I cou'd my Love's.
But speak——

Ziph. Thy Daughter——

Arch.

Arch. Well, I guess'd Fate wounded there.

Ziph. *Semandra*, my most fair, dear, gentle Mistress.

Arch. If she be false, she is no longer fair.

Ziph. That sweet protesting Creature, that pure White-
Where I so deep had writ my Vows in Blood, (nefs,
Is taken from me.

Arch. By her own Consent?

Ziph. Most certain. That eternal Bond of Oaths,
Committed to her keeping, now is cancell'd:
Ev'n her fair Hand, the Seal of all my Love,
Her Hand has given her faithless Heart away.

Arch. Then, she is false? you know her to be so?

Ziph. False, false, as Waters, Winds, or wandring
She is more false than Woman can believe. (Fires;

Arch. The opening of her Treachery, come, how
Particular Revenge wou'd know Particulars: (was't?
At first, I guess'd, she did receive you kindly.

Ziph. Quite contrary, as if she ne'er had seen me
Quite alter'd, quite estrang'd, reserv'd and cold,
With all the Coyness of a base-born Beauty,
Made proud with Power: Not one tender Look,
The very Accent of her Voice was chang'd,
Nor was she to be known but by her Beauty,
Nought else cou'd speak her to my Sense the same,
Oh nothing, but the Face of my *Semandra*.

Arch. When my keen Sword shall glitter in her Eyes,
Doubt not, but I shall make her know you well;
And tho' you never grace her with your Favour,
For she is now unworthy your Embraces;
Yet I will bring the Traytress to your knees.

Ziph. Can it be

Thou shou'dst be ignorant, she's past the giving?

Arch. I have not met the News which your swoln
Appear so big with. (Eyes

Ziph. Here I am lost again;

Here all my Courage, which has born the Blow
Of sternest War, shrinks like a beaten Coward:
Here, I confess, my Piety gives way,
I cou'd fall out with the forgetful Gods,
And curse the cruel Author of my Being.

No, Tyrant, no, thou bloody Parent, think not
That I will bear it longer. I'll forget,
Like thee, all Nature, all Remorse, all Pity,
And snatch her from thee, wedded as you are.

Arch. What, wedded! married!

Ziph. Wedded, marry'd, bedded;
He has enjoy'd her, rifled that fair Casket,
Where all the Riches of my Life are laid:
Yes, yes, ye Gods, I saw 'em pass along,
Pass to the Temple, thro' the crouded Streets,
Saw 'em come back, darted my wishing Eyes
At her false Face, with such accusing Glances,
She fainted in the Chariot; yes, I saw her
Sink pale, and dying down: but there I lost her,
And left her to the Revels of the Night,
To be enjoy'd, ev'n this last Night enjoy'd.

Arch. By all the Honours which she has dishonour'd,
She shall not live another.

Ziph. Oh, my Father!
Could you but guess the Pains that I endur'd!
Oh all the subtlest Fits of sharpest Sickness,
Were nothing to the Torments which I bore.
I tim'd ev'n their disrobing Kisses, Smiles,
The first Embraces, and the wrecking Joy;
But there methought Fancy it self was stopt,
It could no more. The limit of my Life
Was found, the End of all my Joys on Earth.

Arch. She dies; not Destiny shall save her from us:
As she has sworn, and as she has forsworn,
I'll draw my Sword, bath'd in her dearest Blood,
From forth her Heart-Strings, while the rank red Weeds
Cling to my reeking Blade! Or wou'd you more?
I am grown up to your Anger.

Ziph. General, hold:
I have been impious in my vented Rage;
For which, O pardon me, my Royal Father,
And you, most injur'd Pow'rs, whom I offend!
And, Oh, whatever shall become of me,
Forgive the fair, the false, the lov'd *Semandra*.
While I live thou mark her gentle Limbs

With the least Wound, it ends *Ziphares*' Life ;
 Or if thou hurt her after I am dead,
 Thou'lt raise my Ashes up in Arms against thee.

Isme. My Lord, the Queen *Semandra*'s coming hither,

Ziph. Say'st thou ?

Isme. The Queen——But see, she enters !

Ziph. Ha !

Enter Semandra.

Sem. O *Ziphares* ! O Prince ! O thou most wrong'd !

Ziph. How can this be ? Madam, you ought at least
 To have sent me word ; for now, instead of Songs,
 I can present you nothing but my Tears ;
 A beating Heart, and Groans that will not suit
 With your most happy State, your blest Condition.

Sem. Ah, did you rightly understand my Sufferings
 You wou'd not wound a bleeding, dying Creature :
 But I'll endure yet more. When I am dead,
 And 'tis too late, you'll murmur to your self,
 At least I might have heard what the poor Wretch
 Cou'd say.

Arch. Oh Syren ! but I will be hush'd. [*Aside*]

Ziph. What canst thou say, if I resolve to hear thee
 Thou wilt but tear the Wounds which thou hast made.
 This Visit was most cruel : Why com'st thou then,
 For fear I shou'd forget thee ? Merciless Woman !

Arch. Yet let us hear her, Prince ; let's hear the Story
 That when sure Vengeance overtakes her Crimes, (re-
 She may have nought to answer.

Sem. The good God
 Reward that Voice of Mercy ; first then, my Lord.

Ziph. No ; I'll be gone, fly *Archilaus*, fly,
 She has a Tongue that can undo the World.
 She eyes me just as when she first inflam'd me,
 Such were her Looks, so melting was her Language,
 Such false soft Sighs, and such deluding Tears,
 When from her Lips I took the luscious Poison,
 When with that pleasing perjur'd Breath avowing,

Her Whispers trembl'd thro' these credulous Ears,
And told the Story of my utter Ruin.

Arch. Nay, 'tis impossible to clear her self;
And it was Impudence to offer at it;
Therefore, thou shameless Off-spring of my Blood,
I'll cut thee from me : thus, with all thy Crimes,
Die, as thou didst desire. [*Half-drawing, stop'd by Ziph.*
Ziph. Hold thy Hand;

I charge thee, touch her not.

Arch. By Heav'n, she dies:

I may dispose my own, she shall not live.

Ziph. By all the Gods, she shall, while I have Breath:
And, if thou draw'st, I'll guard her Life with mine.
I shou'd be loth to lift my Arm 'gainst thee
Of all Mankind; but were my Father here
Resolv'd to give her Death, I wou'd oppose him.

Sem. Draw agen, and sheath your Weapons in my
In curst *Semandra's* Heart; but for the World, (*Breast,*
Oh Father, do not wound the Prince *Ziphares* :
And, oh *Ziphares*, do not hurt my Father !
Upon my Knees, I beg you to be calm,
And hear me thus.

Ziph. Oh rise, false as thou art,
Thou once wert Empress of my Soul, and I
Still drag thy Chains: Speak then, *Semandra*, speak;
For I am doz'd so weary with complaining,
That I cou'd stand and listen to the Winds,
And think that Woman talk'd; observe the Rain,
And think that Woman wept; or, in the Clouds,
Behold *Semandra's* Form, still fleeting from me.
But, speak, I lose my Senses with my Woes.

Arch. He has sav'd thy Life; come, make a handsome
In recompence. (Lye.

Sem. I will be short, as true.
When you were gone to Wars, the King relaps'd;
How prompted, Heav'n best knows: And when with
Conquest
You came from Battle, he with dreadful Threats
Compell'd me to receive you in that manner.

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Ziph. Ah, cruel Creature! what, what Menaces,
What fear of Death, cou'd so have made *Ziphares*
Receive *Semandra*?

Sem. Not Racks, nor all the Tortures
Which Hell combin'd cou'd put into the Hearts
Of bloodiest Tyrants, shou'd have forc'd me to't.
But, Oh! your Life, which he with deepest Oaths
Had sworn to take, unless I seem'd to scorn you;
That dash'd my Spirits, baffled all the daring
Of my defenceless Heart: There, I confess,
The Woman work'd; I trembled and agreed
To see you so, rather than lose you ever.

Arch. Now, by my Arms, she has come off with
wonder!

Sem. And think, my Lord, reflect upon yourself;
I dare believe so dearly once you lov'd me,
That were you certain I shou'd lose my Life,
Unless you us'd me in that very manner,
I know you wou'd constrain your Flame a while,
And seem as cold, and as reserv'd as I.

Ziph. Oh Heart! Oh bleeding Love! but speak, *Se-*
For there is wondrous Reason, mighty Sense (*mandra*,
In what you say: And I cou'd hear you ever.

Sem. When you were gone, the cruel King came in,
And without stop propos'd the fatal Marriage,
Which being deny'd, he forc'd me to the Temple.
Yet, at the Altar, I deny'd my Hand,
Invok'd the Gods with the most violent Sorrow,
Tears, Sighs, and Swoonings; curs'd the frighted Priests,
Struck down the Censors, and like one distracted
I mangled my own Flesh: but all in vain,
I was suppos'd his Queen, and so enjoy'd.

Ziph. Then still thy Heart, thy Heart was mine, *Se-*

Sem. It was, it is, for ever shall be yours. (*mandra*)

Ziph. Oh, at thy Feet let me for ever lie,
Thus hang upon thy Knees with dying Grasps,
Thou most wrong'd Innocence, abus'd *Semandra*.

Sem. Oh, my dear Lord, you shall not kneel without

Ziph. Thou art not false then! (*ma*)

Sem.

Sem. Cou'd you think me so?

False to my Life, my Soul, my All I have!

Ziph. I did; I thought thee false, and I deserve
To die for wronging thy most matchless Faith:
For thou art true; constant, as pining Turtles;
Constant, as Courage to the Brave in Battle;
Constant, as Martyrs burning for the Gods.

Arch. What Changes drive the Business of the World!
Come, no more weeping: Rise,
Think on the King, if he shou'd take you thus.

Ziph. Oh rise *Semandra*; what, what are we doing!
Why, *Archilaus*, why didst thou cut me off
The Moment's Pleasure which my Thoughts were for-
Thy cruel Breath quite broke the brittle Glass (ming'
Of my short Life, and stop't the running Sand.
What shall we do, *Semandra*?

Sem. Part and die.

Ziph. Die, 'tis resolv'd; but how? That, that must be
My future Care: And with that Thought I leave thee.
Go then, thou setting Star; take from these Eyes,
(These Eyes, that if they see thee, will be wishing)
O take those languishing pale Fires away,
And leave me to the wide, dark Den of Death.

Sem. Something within sobs to my boding Heart;
Semandra ne'er shall see *Ziphares* more.

Ziph. Away then; part, for ever part, *Semandra*:
Let me alone sustain those rav'nous Fates,
Which like to famish'd Tygers are gone out,
And have us in the Wind. Death come upon me;
Night, and the bloodiest Deed of Darkness end me.
But Oh, for thee, for thee, if thou must die,
I beg of Heav'n this last, this only Favour,
To give thy Life a painless Dissolution:
Oh! may those ravish'd Beauties fall to Earth
Gently, as wither'd Roses leave their Stalks:
May Death be mild to thee, as Love was cruel;
Calm, as the Spirits in a Trance decay;
And soft, as those who sleep their Souls away.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Pelopidas, Andravar, Priests encompass'd with Romans.

Pelop.  *Romans, who send your Laws far as the Sun*

His Beams, and whom the Universe beholds

With Joy, yet dreads your Anger as the
Why move you to the Ruin of this Tyrant, (Gods,
To the sure Death of bloody Mithridates;
As if you fear'd, or car'd not he shou'd die?
Can you suspect an Ambush? Or that we
Shou'd dare betray you, yielding thus our Persons,
Our Lives, our Prince himself into your hands?

Andr. *This Man, to whom the servile Priests bow*
Who wears a Crown in honour of his Place, (down,
And sacred Worth, abandons all his Glories
T'attest the Truth of what we have declar'd.

Enter Pharnaces.

But see, the fierce, the great Pharnaces
Comes on to meet you; wave his Royalties:
Therefore, O mighty Romans, give him Audience.

Phar. *That I am rough, and of an untaught Spirit,*
All the East knows; I ever scorn'd those Slaves
With whom I have been bred; and when my Father
Order'd Barbarian Princes for my Masters
In Arts and Arms, I spurn'd 'em from my Presence;
And rather chose, since Rome might not instruct me,
Nature in all my Actions for my Guide.
Hence cou'd I brook more hardly the fierce Mind
Of our inhuman Parent Mithridates.

My

My eldest Brother's Fate did kindle first
 My fiery Soul to a most swift Revenge;
 For when the State of *Bosphorus* demand'd
 That Prince for King, he bound the gallant Youth
 In golden Chains, and doom'd him to be slain;
 Two more were by his boundless Fury strangled:
 And even the last but me, the brave *Ziphares*,
 Last Night was murder'd in the Tyrant's Palace:
 In whole sad Cause, the Squadrons which he led
 Of late so valiantly against you *Romans*,
 Attend some Furlongs hence to join your Banners.
 If this be true, not to recount the Slaughters
 Of all his Queens and poison'd Concubines,
 I think the World (*Rome*, I shou'd first have nam'd)
 Will little censure this so just Revolt.
 If you suspect me false, behold *Pharnaces*,
 Ne'er yet detain'd, but free as roving Lions
 That swept at will like Winds in Desarts wild;
 Behold him, with these noble Hostages,
 Your Pris'ner to be bound the Slave of *Rome*.

Rom. Capt. Lead us on to Victory.

Omnes. To Victory.

Phar. On then, you Race of Heav'n, you Seed of Gods;
 And to immortalize *Pharnaces'* Name,
 Plant me, like Thunder breaking from this Cloud,
 Foremost; while all the rattling Engines follow.
Monima, whom this Tyrant ravish'd from me,
 I hear is fled to *Pompey*: Her I ask
 For my Reward, with half his spreading Empire.
 But I hate Words; let's act, and then make claimt.
 And, O remember, when we storm the Town,
 Remember that most horrid Massacre
 Of *Asia*: Whet on your blunted Spirits,
 Till with the Motion Lightning edge your Souls
 To mow off hoary Heads, hurl Infants puling
 From the lugg'd Breast, kill in the very Womb:
 To Beauty's Cries be deaf, make all *Synope*
 But one vast Grave, to hold the infinite Bodies
 Which we must shovel in; and when you see
 The Head of *Mithridates* in this hand,

Then think who ever dar'd for *Rome* like me,
 Or bought an Empire at a Price so dreadful;
 Then yield the Beauty I so much desire,
 And all those Crowns to which my Thoughts aspire.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Ziphares, Archilaus.

Ziph. 'Tis late; the gath'ring Clouds, like meeting
 Come on apace, and Mortals now must die, (*Armies,*
 'Till the bright Ruler of the rising Day
 Creates 'em new. The wakeful Bird of Night
 Claps her dark Wings to th' Windows of the dying.
 General, good Night.

Arch. Sir, I'll not leave you yet;
 I do not like the dusky boding Eve.
 Well I remember, Sir, how you and I
 Have often on the Watch in Winter walk'd,
 Clad in cold Armour, round the sleeping Camp,
 'Till cover'd o'er from Head to Foot with Snow,
 The Centinels have started at our March,
 And thought us Ghosts stalking in Winding-sheets:
 And do you think I cannot watch you now,
 Thus cover'd, and beneath this bounteous Roof?
 Sleep, Sir; I'll guard you from suspected Danger.

Ziph. Danger! there's none; no Shadow of a Harm:
 Dear General, you'll oblige me to retire:
 We'll meet to-morrow with the earliest Dawn;
 I'm troubled now, and heavy; in the Morning,
 Soon as you please, you shall have Entrance here;
 And then I trust the bounteous Gods, you'll find
 A wondrous Alteration. Sleep may charm
 My talking Griefs, and hush 'em fast for ever.

Arch. 'Tis that I fear—I tell you there are Deaths
 Brooding this Night abroad. A recluse Priest,
 Surpriz'd with mortal Sickness, was this Evening,
 As he himself desir'd, ta'en from his Bed,
 And carry'd to the Closet of the King;

Where,

Where, after some close Conference, he expir'd.
Immediately your Father Orders gave
For doubling all his Guards, and went in fury
To *Monima's* Apartment, where, 'twas said,
Pharnaces had been gone a while before.

Ziph. I ever thought that Brother most ambitious ;
But what is this to me ?

Arch. What follow'd does
Concern both you and me, and all the East ;
For strait, when the sick Priest had breath'd his last,
The sacred Oil, which for a hundred Years
Supply'd the Sun behind the golden Veil,
Went out, and all the mystick Lights were quench'd ;
Strange doleful Voices shrilly echo'd thro'
The darken'd Fane ; the Monuments did open,
And all the Marble-Tombs, like Spunges squeez'd,
Spouted big Sweat ; the Curtain was consum'd
With wondrous Flame ; and every shining Altar
Dissolv'd to yellow Puddle, which anon
A Flash of thirsty Lightning quite lick'd up :
While thro' the Streets your murder'd Brothers rode,
Arcathias, *Mithridates*, and *Machares*,
And madd'd all the screaming Multitude.
Is not this strange ?

Ziph. The Gods reproach my Slackness. [*Aside.*
Tis strange ! most wondrous strange ! once more I pray
By all our Friendship, leave me to my self. (thee,

Arch. Ah, Prince, you cannot hide
Your Purpose from your narrow-searching Friend :
I find it, by the sinking of your Spirits,
Your hollow Speech, deep Musings, eager Looks,
Whose fatal Longings quite devour their Objects ;
You have decreed, by all the Gods you have,
This Night to end your Life.

Ziph. Away,
I never thought thee troublesome till now.

Arch. I care not ; spite of all that you can do,
I'll stay, and weep you into Gentleness :
Your faithful Soldier, this old doting Fool,
Shall be more troublesome than one that's wiser.

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By Heav'n, you shall not hurt your precious Life.
I'll stay, and wait you, wake here till I die;
Follow you as a fond and fearful Father
Wou'd watch a desperate Child.

Zipb. I'll tell thee then,
Since thou wilt tear the Secret from my Breast,
And dive into the Bottom of my Soul,
This Night must end me: Make not a Reply;
'Tis fix'd as fast and sure as are my Woes.
Didst thou but know what 'tis to love like me,
And to be so belov'd; O *Archilaus*!
Yet to be past all Hope of Happiness,
Of ever tasting those desired Beauties,
Of any Dawn, least Glimpse, or Spark of Comfort,
Didst thou not hate me much, even thou wou'dst kill me.

Arch. If that my Death (for that indeed's but little)
Cannot once move you from this dreadful Deed,
Yet Prince, your Country, which must fall without you,
Your bleeding Country must obtain at least,
That you wou'd live to free her from her Foes:
Your Glory calls, your sinking Father begs,
That you wou'd save your Country from the *Romans*.

Zipb. Much I indeed have got by conquering *Rome*,
And to much purpose lost my dearest Blood!
Much have my Wounds deserv'd; and Heav'n can tell
How nobly I have been rewarded for 'em!
I tell thee, *Archilaus*, I have sworn;
Were I to live, I wou'd not fight again:
The World shou'd neither better be nor worse
For me. But I waste time; and to convince thee,
Since thou wilt have the trouble to behold
My Death, I bid thee now farewell for ever.

Arch. Hold, Sir.

Zipb. I will, and talk as calm to thee
As any dying *Roman* of 'em all:
I have consider'd well of what I do,
And I will perish with as little Noise
As Fate cou'd wish, that wou'd not be accus'd.

Arch. I'll follow you.

Zipb.

Ziph. I wou'd intreat thee not;

Thou hast no Sorrows that are past the Sufferance:
And sure my flying Soul will hang her Wing,
When she shall feel thy weighty Death upon her.

O, *Archilaus*, leave me to my Fate;
If thou must see me fall, I charge thee live,
At least so long to tell *Semandra* of me:
Bear her some Token of my ill-starr'd Love,
Which Empire cou'd not win to live without her.
Dip in the Blood which trickles from my Heart
Thy Handkerchief; and bid her keep it for me,
As a Remembrance now and then to mourn me:
Swear to do this.

Arch. This I will do; and, mark me, cruel Prince,
If thus thou violate that Royal Frame,
Tearing the gallant Spirit from this Mansion,
I swear, by what I tremble at, thy Death,
I'll double all thy Wound upon *Semandra*.

Ziph. Ha!

Arch. I'll tear her piece-meal, and so hack her Limbs,
Thou shalt not know her in the other World.

Ziph. Oh Torture! dear, good *Archilaus*, hold:
I know thou canst not mean such Cruelty.
Why dost thou rack me thus with Thoughts in Death,
That are much heavier even than Death itself?
Why dost thou make my Eyes thus swim in Tears?
I charge thee do not hurt her; for the sake
Of all the Gods, be gentle to my Love;
I beg for Mercy to the soft *Semandra*.
Alas, if she deserv'd, as she is faultless,
She cou'd not bear the Wounds which we can bear.

Arch. Give me your promise then that you will live;
Live but this Night, or I have sworn her Death.

Ziph. Thou hast found the Means to charm me into
And keep me on the Rack, but no more Threats (Life,
Against *Semandra*: 'Twas unkindly done,
And I grow angry at my Fate's delay.

Arch. Why will you be thus forward? Live to-night,
Be careful of yourself but till the Morn:

Methinks

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Methinks there may be Wonders wrought e'er then.

Ziph. O *Archilaus*! 'Tis impossible:

Had she been ravish'd by another Man,
I cou'd have clear'd her with the Villain's Blood;
But by my Father touch'd, what Miracle
Can work me into Hope? Heav'n here is Bankrupt;
The wondring Gods blush at the want of Pow'r,
And quite abash'd, confess they cannot help me.

Arch. Sure, by yon lighted Torches, I discern
Your Father moving this way.

Ziph. Ha; my Father!

How my Flesh trembles! I cou'd do a Deed
Wou'd make us both run mad. Draw, *Archilaus*:
Yet stay; What Devil starts thus in my Blood,
And turns my Reason to the Maze of Folly?
No; let us suffer more, if possible:
Yet I will shun his Presence. Oh, ye Pow'rs,
Is that a Crime? Answer me, if it be;
And I will meet him, tho' his Sight should blast me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mithridates, Captain of the Guards, and Attendants.

Mith. Betray'd! and by my Son! given up a Prey
For the insulting *Romans* to devour!

Pharnaces is the Traitor, that *Pharnaces*
Who was t'inherit all that Space of Empire,
Which Fortune gave to this unhappy King!
O Friends, when from the Palace-Gate we sally'd,
And drove the bold Assailants thro' the City,
The impious Boy charg'd, as I foremost rode,
And brav'd my Fury with his Bever up.
But, Oh the Gods! I who before had crimson'd
My Arms with Blood of Rebels; I who mov'd
With Whirlwinds swiftness still on every side,
And tost like Leaves the weightiest Foes about me,
Now stood, as if *Gorgonian* Charms had fixt me:
Nor know I more.

Capt.

Capt. Your Sword, great Sir, when you
A while had gaz'd on that audacious Prince,
Fell from your Hand, your mighty Spirit left you :
And as some famous Piece of antique Work,
When the sunk Props and wasted Beams decay,
Staggers and nods before the Ruin comes ;
So wav'd your Royal Fabrick e'er it fell :
And as our Arms receiv'd you, curs'd *Pharnaces*,
Born by Ambition to a Murder new,
Offer'd a Wound, and 'twas with great Expence
Of Lives, we bore your Body to the Palace.

Mith. My Senses blaze ; my last I know is come ;
My last of Hours : 'Tis wondrous horrid ! Now
My lawless Love, and boundless Pow'r reproach me.
But I will think no more on't. Come, my Friends,
Let's meet these *Romans*, and my Rebel Son ;
Let's kill till we are weary, then lie down
And rest for ever : O 'tis noble Ruin !
Creatures of vilest Make, upon disgust,
With Knives or Cords set loose their Coward Souls ;
But we will live in spite to grieve the World,
While Life will last, or any Spirits hold.
O that like Serpents hewn, we still might move,
Our Limbs lopt off, and kill with every Parcel !

Enter Semandra.

Sem. 'Tis done ; my Ruin is at last reveng'd,
And cruel *Mithridates* is no more :
That famous wicked Man shall kill no more ;
Fals'n is the Murderer, he shall love no more.
Another's Right ; shall ravish now no more.

Mith. O Horror ! snatch me, Furies, from her Pre-
Gape wide, O Earth, and swallow me alive. (sence ;

Sem. I go before, but never shall we meet
On Earth again, inhuman *Mithridates* :
Yet I rejoice not, be my Witness, Heav'n,
At those Calamities that come upon thee ;
But think 'em just, and with a dread Reflection

Behold

Behold thy Fate, and wonder at the Gods:
 Not but thy Son, my Love, my lost *Ziphares*,
 And I, in lamentable Shapes, made up
 By Death's own Hand, will tell 'em all thy Story.
 For ever thus, thou Ravisher of Honour,
 I leave thee to the Vultures of thy Conscience,
 To all the Stings Ambition feels in Death,
 Or Lust, the Rape committed. O, you Pow'rs
 Make firm my Hand, for an Exploit to crown
 My Life, whose Business shall be quickly done. [Exit.

Mith. Away, to Arms, to Arms; plunge deep in
 Blood;

Be quick to die. Were all the *Roman* Piles,
 And *Scythian* Darts, and *Parthia's* poison'd Arrows,
 Shot thro' this Body, her Words wound me more.
 I'll not endure't; rush to the fatal War:
 I wou'd be drunk with Death, and steaming Slaughter,
 To stupify the Sense of inward Torment.
 Haste then, and wallow in the murd'ring Field,
 Thro' all the Avenues to Battel fly;
 They who have liv'd in Blood, in Blood must die.

[Exit.

Trumpets. Enter *Pelopidas*, *Andravar*, their Swords
 drawn, with a Lamp.

Pelop. Yonder he fallies, furious for Destruction,
 And now full Scope is giv'n to act our Business,
 And end the sad *Ziphares*.

Andr. I am glad

The Chance is fallen to us: To Death, nay more,
 To Hell, I hate him, and to have him slain
 By any Hand but mine wou'd pall the Murder.

Pelop. The Palace now is drain'd
 Of all the glittering Host that twinkled here,
 Following their King, to shoot the Gulph of Ruin;
 And it was order'd well by Prince *Pharnaces*,
 While with the *Romans* he dispatch'd his Father,
 That we shou'd kill his drooping Brother. Ha!

King of Pontus.

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hear some Tread! your Lamp must wink a while.

Enter Ziphares.

Ziph. Oh, 'tis too much; I never shall sleep more.
How loud the Voice of Fate sounds every where!
Trumpets and Drums! yet old *Archilaus*,
With Grief and Watching spent, in spite of all
Those Tides of Care that swell'd e'er while so high,
Lies like a Child that bawl'd himself to sleep.
Ismenes too, that wept to see me mourn,
Falls on his Breast, and nods his Tears away;
So sleeps the Sea-Boy on the cloudy Mast,
Safe as a drowsy *Tryton*, rack'd with Storms,
While tossing Princes wake on Beds of Down.

Pelop. 'Tis he; prepare.

Audr. Both perish if he escape.

Ziph. This Darkness fills my Breast with Horror:
Now I may do the Deed; which done, all's sure:
It shall be so, and thus I will deceive him:
But then he kills *Semandra*. Whence this Light?
Swords! Vizors! What Assassins are these?
Wou'd they were more, for Ruin is my Wish;
Yet I disdain to fall by Villains Hands. [*Beats 'em off.*]

Enter Semandra, with a Dagger in her Hand.

Sem. Where do I wander in the dismal Shades
Of this black Night? There's not a Soul beneath,
Who dy'd, as I must do, for fatal Love,
Knows better all the gloomy Arbours there,
Than I each Chamber in this House of Death.
'Twas here the godlike Prince did woo me first,
Sigh'd his first Vows, and wept me into Passion;
Where shall I find him, that most perfect Soul?
Whose Witness will to After-Ages answer
For all the sported Loves of perjur'd Men.
Meet him I must, and run into his Arms;
But with a Roman Blow, which first shall drive

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This Ponyard to my Heart; then rush upon him,
Then clasp him close, then he'll believe me true.

Enter Ziphares.

Ziph. This Way the Cowards fly; this Way the Noife ^{(goes;}
I think thou hast it there, and canst not 'scape me.

Sem. I thank the Gods, I shall not. Let me kiss
The Hand that kills me. Oh too gracious Heav'n!
Semandra now is happy.

Ziph. *Semandra!* what;
What say'st thou? speak again, thou dismal Voice.

Sem. O that I cou'd see your Face before I die:
Those Eyes, where I wou'd look my Soul away.

Ziph. Awake; what oh, *Ismenes!* haste, a Light;
Haste hither, Father *Archilaus*, haste!
My Heart bodes Ruin, we are all undone.

Enter Archilaus, and Ismenes, with a Light.

Oh, Father, either I am charm'd, or here
Semandra lies, slain by this dreadful Hand.

Arch. Our Guardian Spirits shield us, 'tis my Daughter.

Ziph. Curs'd Fate! malicious Stars! you now have
Your selves of all your pois'nous Influence; (drain'd
Ev'n the last baleful Drop is shed upon me.

Sem. Give me thy Hand, most matchless of thy
O join us, Father, join us thus in Death: (Kind;
Now thou art mine; and we'll be wedded too
In th'other World; our Souls shall there be mixt:
Who knows but there our Joys may be compleat?
A happy Father thou; and I, perhaps,
The smiling Mother of some little Gods.

Ziph. Oh, *Archilaus*, if thou lov'st her Memory,
Fly to the King, and let him understand
The Truth of all: if he be pleas'd to hear her,
Intreat him haste, the Pangs of Death are on her.

Arch.

Arch. I will, if Tears will let me find the way:
And, by your leave, these Weapons shall be mine. [*Exit.*

Ziph. That I expected. Ha; she faints, *Ismenes*,
Run to my Closet, haste, where thou wilt find
A golden Vial of rich Juice, to bring the Spirits
Back to their Seat: go, pour it in a Bowl
With speed to save her. [*Exit Ismenes.*

Hast thou not a Word,
A Syllable, fair Soul! Speak, speak, *Semandra*!
I feel a trembling Warmth about thy Heart:
It pants.

Sem. As Cowards do before a Battel.
Oh, the great March is sounded!

Ziph. Stay thee one moment,

Ismenes re-enters with a Bowl.

And I will lead thee on. Away, *Ismenes*;
Watch thou the King's Approach, and bring me word.
[*Ex. Ismenes.*

Here, see'st thou this, my Love, look up, *Semandra*,
Thou dying Spark, glimmer a little while;
Behold this Cordial, this sure warmth at Heart,
This faithful Off'ring of eternal Love.

Sem. Whither, oh where? Death's Mist comes fast
What is't you drink? (upon me.)

Ziph. A Draught which makes me thine;
The Pow'rful Cordial which my Father gave me,
A noble Compound of his fatal Skill.
He charg'd me, when I cou'd not live with Honour,
To taste it, and be free.

Sem. Methinks your Voice is faint
As distant Echoes; and I'm now far off:
Alas, I know not where.

[*Dies.*

Ziph. I'll fold thee thus,
And *Mithridates* shall not part us now:
Fan thus the dying Flames with my last Breath.

She's

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She's out: the damp of Death has quench'd her quite:
 The spicy Doors, her Lips, are shut, close lock'd,
 Which never Gale of Life shall open more.
 I come. Oh Father! Oh thou true Physician!
 Thou work'st me nobly now; and 'tis welcome!
 Thy Drugs are quick; once more, O Love! I come,
 Thou most of Life in Death. Ambition, Fame,
 'Tis empty all, and nothing but a Name. [Diss.]

Enter Archilaus, Mithridates, supported bleeding; Pharnaces; Pelopidas, Andravar, bound.

Arch. Behold, behold, my Lord, how I'm rewarded
 For faithful Service, for the numerous Scars
 Which in your Cause have mark'd my aged Body:
 My Daughter's slain. Ha! let me never rise,
 If that the brave *Ziphæes* be not kill'd!
 Was this the Cordial, wicked Boy, thou brought'st him?

Mith. Blame not the guiltless, for by me he's poison'd:
 By this inhuman Tyrant, Monster, Parricide;
 By me the Drugs were mix'd, and dol'd about
 To my unhappy Children, lest surpriz'd
 They shou'd be borne to *Rome* for Royal Slaves.

Arch. Dead! art thou dead, O lovely, Royal Plant,
 Blown down by gusty Heav'n, in all thy Bloom!
 My Hour is come; and thus I follow thee.

Mith. Hold him. What means the frantick General?
 Disarm, and bring him hither. Kneel, O kneel,
 Before these Bodies.

Arch. What wou'd you, Sacred Sir?

Mith. Swear, swear to live.

I have a Royal Race of Little-ones:
 Live, I conjure thee, to defend those Infants
 From *Roman* Rage; intreat Victorious *Pompey*,
 And he'll be gentle to'em: Swear to live.

Arch. I swear; but after that——

Mith. Rise, and no more.

My Blood leaks fast; and the great heavy Lading,

My Soul, will quickly sink; therefore revenge:
 Yes, you pale Figures, you most precious Forms,
 Who, where you walk, for sure you tread the Stars,
 Shame brightest Gods, and add new Light to Heav'n.
 First, in most dreadful manner, will I give
 Those Traitors Lives, who drew me to your Ruin.
 Hence burn the Slaves; the curs'd *Pelopidas*,
 And Villain *Andravarus*: Away with 'em.
 For thee—— (but sure I shall disdain to name thee)
 The Palace yet is ours.

Arch. But cannot long
 Be so: *Pompey* the Great is enter'd;
 And those who took your Part are all revolted.

Mith. Away then; bear him to the middle Turret,
 Whose brazen Head rises above the rest;
 In sight of *Pompey*, throw him from the top,
 And give his most aspiring Life an End.

Phar. I know thou canst not long out-live me, Tyrant.
 Accurs'd be Fortune, which too forward bore me
 To be thy Prey; and rot the Hand that seiz'd me:
 Yet, when my Ghost is from this Body dash'd,
 If such a Gobling as a Ghost there be,
 I'll rise, and wing the mid-way Air to wait thee;
 Hurl'd shalt thou be, as *Saturn* was by *Jove*,
 And flag beneath me, while I reign above.

Mith. O General, behold, and wonder with me,
 How swiftly Fate can make, or unmake Kings!
 How empty is Death's Pomp, compar'd with Life!
 Where now are all the busy Officers,
 The supple Courtiers, and big Men of War,
 That buſtled here, and made a little World?
 Revolted all? Support me, for I go.
 My Soul is on the Beach, and freight must launch
 Into th'Abyſs of the black Sea of Death,
 Where Furies stand upon the smoaky Rocks,
 Prepar'd to meet one greater than themselves.
 Here, lay me bleeding by these murder'd Lovers;
 And, Oh, when I am dead, let Sorrow stalk
 In sacred Silence to my gaping Tomb.

Forget

Forget that ever *Mithridates* was;
No Tongue relate the Deeds this Hand has done;
Let Thought be still, or work beneath the Ground!
But Oh, he's come: cold Tyrant, I obey,
And hug thy Dart, that bears my Life away. [Diu.

F I N I S.



